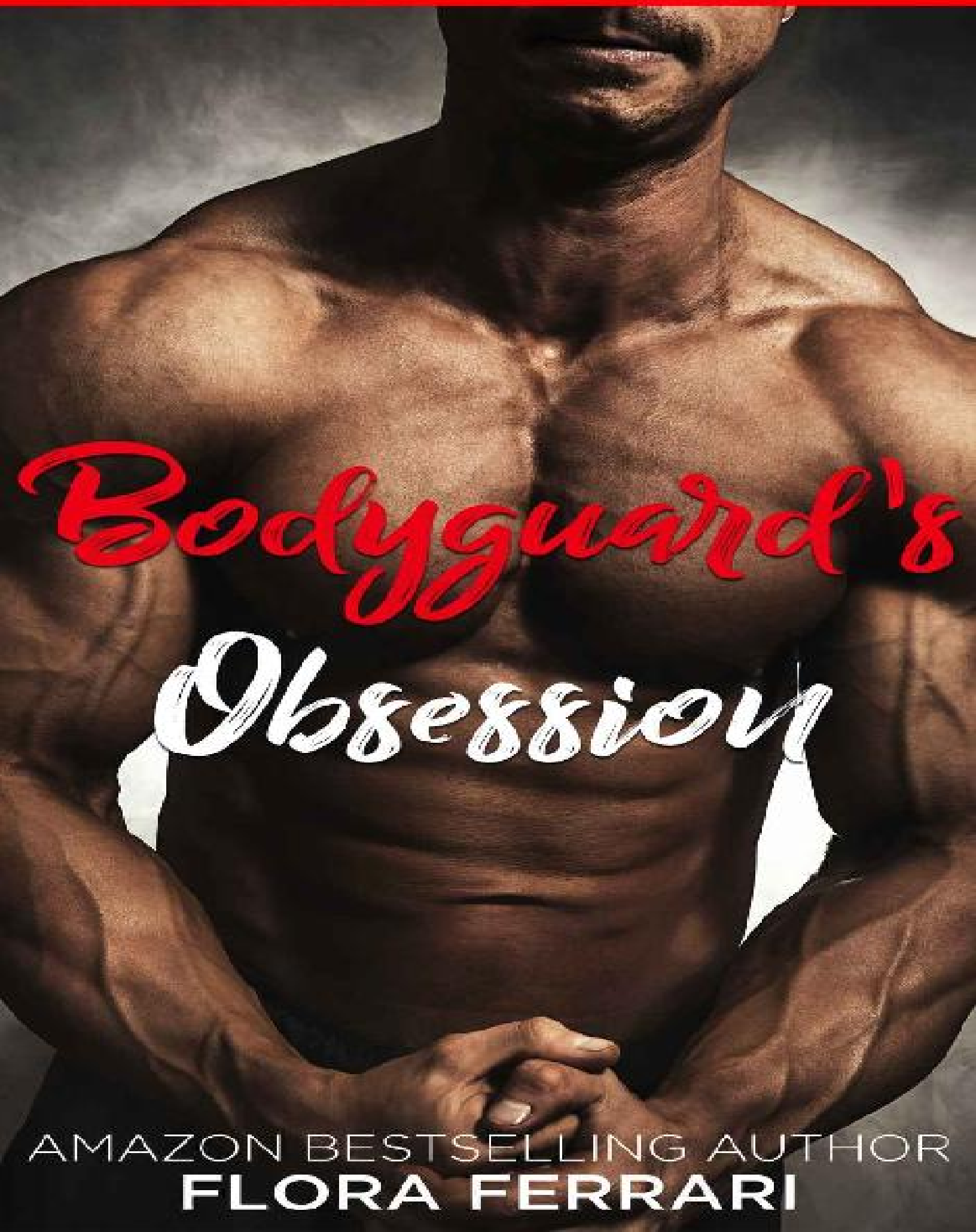


A MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS, 177



Bodyguard's Obsession

AMAZON BESTSELLING AUTHOR
FLORA FERRARI

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BODYGUARD'S OBSESSION

AN OLDER MAN YOUNGER WOMAN ROMANCE

A MAN WHO KNOWS WHAT HE WANTS, 177

FLORA FERRARI

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The following story contains mature themes, strong language and sexual situations. It is intended for mature readers.

BODYGUARD'S OBSESSION

Violet

Walking to work for the exercise gets me a front row seat, witnessing something I would never have thought possible.

Something straight out of a movie.

But I saw him, and now they need a witness to help put him away.

His trial is in a week, but the Garcia family won't wait that long to silence anyone who's out to lock up one of their own.

So the state provides me with private protection.

My own personal bodyguard.

The catch? I have to do what he says, stay with him twenty-four seven. One look and I've got no problem with that, but what happens once our week's up?

Can I live without his 'protection' forever?

Butch

The single word 'Orphan' in her file leaps out at me, making me groan softly.

A piece of what I thought was my stony heart breaking free, floating towards her before we've even met.

Looking at her profile picture makes me feel something else. The need to possess her, to pleasure her as well as protect her.

I swore an oath, to the badge I once wore and to the state law I represent but this new feeling, this new pact I make, it eclipses everything.

It's a solemn promise to her and myself, a new oath.

That she'll be mine, forever.

**Bodyguard's Obsession is an insta-everything standalone instalove romance with a HEA, no cheating, and no cliffhanger.*

NEWSLETTER

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CHAPTER ONE

Violet

There's a saying about a good turn... One deserving another?

Well it doesn't feel like it.

Coming forward, after what I saw. After *who* I saw?

Now *I* feel like the criminal. I'm the one stuck in the jail house while they round up those thugs, that man.

Telling me how much danger I'm in now. How different my life will be from now on? Shouldn't it be the end of it if they caught him?

"You *have* done the right thing," a detective says, giving an apologetic smile after listening to my protests.

Listening to me trying to get out of what I feel is a very deep hole already.

"It's just... you saw the most wanted man on our list leaving the scene of a crime... a serious crime Violet."

I shudder at the memory, at the thought of his huge, bloodied hands on me as we collided.

"We *need* you to testify, Violet. It's the only thing, the only way we can put him *and* his family away for good."

I feel my head nodding, but my mind is screaming no.

I've had enough already and I just want to go home.

"A-and what if I don't?" I stammer, trying to sound like someone who's going home, like someone who'll be walking out any minute.

But the detective shakes his head. "Violet... even if you don't testify, you need our protection now. Whether Garcia is in jail or not, your life is over unless we break up the whole gang... without our protection..." he trails off.

It's clear as glass.

I have to testify and I have to submit to police protection.

"Now, we have him in custody, but the first hearing that will make any difference won't be for at least another week..." he continues.

"We'll have you under personal guard, twenty-four seven until then," he assures me, lifting my spirits for a moment.

"So, I can home then? I'll have a policeman out front?" I ask, naively.

Detective Chalmer frowns.

"Not exactly, we have a private security detail... a privately run arm of the witness protection program."

I feel my stomach drop as he says the words, something telling me my life may as well be over, because it's about to change one hundred percent whether I like it or not.

I jump as the door to the little interview room opens, and before I even look up, I can feel him.

Sense him.

His huge shadow fills the room, and I watch the detectives eyes roll slightly as I lift my own to see who it is.

A gasp escapes me as soon as we lock eyes. He has dark, hazel eyes that burn like live embers. They're hard eyes but not cold.

Intense.

He lets out a low growl, which travels through the air, the four walls, and up the chair I'm sitting in, sending a shockingly intense vibration right into the space between my legs.

I feel my legs part automatically, holding his gaze and widening myself for him, feeling his nonverbal command excite me.

I shudder another breath, my body starting to shiver as I feel a slick line of warmth escape me just from the sight of him.

"Butch," murmurs the detective, and the man grunts. Holding his own in the doorway his eyes move from mine, down my face to my chest making his eyes narrow. His growl deepening with satisfaction.

"Violet, this is *former* special agent Brooks, but everybody calls him 'Butch,'" he informs me, the introduction sounding weak compared to my arousal in his company.

"Violet," Butch growls, his tone lightening and his whole body flexing as he says it.

He must be six seven, and close to that wide across the shoulders as well. The man is huge in the best possible way, and it's clear from the lines straining against his shirt that he's pure American beef.

His chiseled jaw sets a stony look on his face, a serious and intense man, but obviously a man who knows what he wants.

Crew cut hair, smooth and sun tanned skin that ripples even at rest as every fiber of muscle in his body is working to keep this perfect specimen of manhood alive.

But it's his eyes that I'm lost in. Once they soften, there's a depth to them that draws me right in. It's a smoldering, sweet darkness.

Safe and protecting.

I trust him immediately, with more than just my life and a part of me mentally throws my sodden panties at him, even though I know he'd never go for a girl like me.

I flush, feeling my chest stiffen under his stare but I realize he isn't just taking in the mountainous scenery of my chest, showing my now pebbled and thick nipples through my white on white shirt. He suddenly frowns as he spots evidence of my reason for being here in the first place.

"You're shirt, that'll have to come off."

I gasp again, his commanding tone and the idea of him taking my shirt off sends a fresh wave of moisture through my slick valley.

"Jesus Butch," Detective Chalmers exclaims, apologizing to me under his breath.

I remember now, the bloodied hand prints of that man on me... on my chest as he ran into me.

Butch tosses a small bag onto the table in reply his eyes not shifting off me the whole time.

“Clothes,” he murmurs, making me flush harder as I think of him somehow wanting me naked. Even though the thought terrifies me, it thrills me at the same time.

“We *will* need that shirt, Violet, for forensic evidence, it should’ve come off earlier but...” The detective starts.

“But Butch wasn’t here,” I catch myself saying, surprising myself and Butch with a coy smile at the corner of my lips, making him emit another one of his special low sounds, which I feel traveling inside me deeper than before.

Detective Chalmers makes a face, annoyed.

“Can I have a word, Butch, outside?” he says gruffly, standing up.

“No,” Butch says matter of fact, shifting so he can keep his eyes on me.

“We have some paperwork before anything else,” Chalmers continues, pretending to ignore Butch, who holds up a sheaf of papers.

“All done, all signed. Violet is mine now,” he growls, his eyes blazing as he repeats himself for my benefit, drawing another sound from me when he says it aloud.

“*Mine.*”

CHAPTER TWO

Butch

The look in her eyes in her profile picture. Her full pouty lips, thick blond bangs and powder soft skin tells me one thing, making my dick shift in my pants and my mouth go dry.

The single word 'Orphan' in her file makes me groan softly, telling me a whole lot of something else. A piece of what I thought was my stony heart breaking free, floating towards her before we've even met.

"Something wrong, Boss?" Cal asks, my second in command.

I growl a reply, creasing the manila folder in my hands without looking up as I grip it tighter.

"Mine." I snarl, "She's *mine*."

Cal frowns. "Uh... I already assigned that case to Briggs. Temporary witness protection, standard stuff. Just a chunky kid who saw Mr. Bad doing a bad thing, needs a babysitter for a week until the trial."

But I'm not listening. I'm lost in her eyes already, even from the poorly shot profile picture from the police report requesting her protective custody.

There's some fear in her, sure. She just witnessed something terrible, but mostly, there's something I don't see much of anymore.

Innocence.

She's perfect.

"Boss? We got this. Like I said, she's safe with Briggs... safe from most men by the loo-"

My hand is on Cal's throat before he can finish, my nose pressing against his as my jaw cracks with tension.

"Are you deaf? I said she's *mine!*" I growl, only loosening my grip when I sense Cal turning purple, unable to speak.

Cal, like the rest of my team, knows me well enough. If I say something is mine, it's mine.

It belongs to *me*, regardless.

"Sure, Boss... no problem... I'll let Briggs know he's off this one," Cal rasps, massaging his neck, a sly grin forming as he turns to leave.

I can almost read his mind.

'Bout time you found an interest in the fairer sex, Butch.

Cal knows if I'm this wound up over something, it's time to step back. Let the leader of the pack claim what's his.

"I just hope you remember the rules is all Boss. Keep it professional."

I snarl again, with satisfaction this time, holding her picture up after I tear it from the file, stuffing it onto my jacket pocket.

Right next to that missing piece of my heart.

Violet...

Later that day

Seeing Chalmers so close to Violet gets my back up straight away, but I know he's just doing his job. Keeping her safe and filling her in on what's going to happen before I get there.

As soon as our eyes lock once I open the interview room door, I know I've found her.

She's the one, I just know she is.

She's more beautiful than her picture, and her eyes tell me she's found what she's been waiting for too.

Her body lets out little sounds, and her breath quickens, her eyes dilate and I can see her legs moving apart under the small table.

Ready for me. Waiting for me.

Mine.

Chalmers isn't a bad detective, but he is standing between me and what's mine. He wants to go over everything. Dot the I's and cross the T's, which is what he's paid for. Thing is, I've already taken care of all that. Spoken to the powers that be, even had the judge himself sign off on it on my way through.

Violet Campbell *is* all mine, legally and custodial for at least the next week, until the trial.

I stopped by her place *unofficially*, to pick up a few of her own things which I thought she'd like. It was the hardest thing for me to see how she's been living, but making my decision to protect her easier.

I spotted one of Garcia's watchers at the end of her street. There's no other place for her except with me if she wants to stay alive, let alone out of trouble with those thugs. I let the cops know, but what can they do?

"Shirt," I demand, not wanting to waste another minute in getting her out of here, not wanting to waste another second before I can have her alone, to myself.

Chalmers is being uppity, wanting to get all up in my face about it, but as he stands, turning to face me he remembers who he's dealing with.

"I'll wait outside while you get changed," I announce, eyeballing Chalmers the whole time until he slinks out of the interview room, with me closing the door behind us, pressing the folder of paperwork into his chest with a shove.

"I'll drop the shirt off on our way out. She's mine now, Chalmers and I say no more cops. She's in *my* protective custody as of this minute. See you at the trial."

Chalmers opens his mouth but thinks better of it, scanning the file before storming off down the hall.

Turning the key to the interview room, I lock it and pocket the key, giving Violet the privacy she needs.

Despite my better judgment, despite my own resolve not to, I slip in through the adjacent door. The viewing area behind

the two way mirror of the interview room.

I feel my pulse start to race as soon as Chalmers back is turned. With each pounding throb of my heart I can feel the pulse extend to my groin as I open the door to the viewing room, then gasp out loud at the sight of her.

She stands, examining herself in the reflective glass before she even thinks about undressing.

I swallow hard, the sight of her so close makes me shudder. I fight the urge not to touch myself as it registers just how hard I suddenly am.

Save it Butch. Save every drop of your seed for her

I haven't been this turned on ever, not this hard since I was a teenager.

My heart nearly stops as her eyes lock with mine again. I know she can't see me through the mirror, can she? But I know she can *feel* my eyes on her.

She flushes red, and biting her lower lip, she eases herself out of her unbuttoned shirt, her pendulous breasts heaving as they strain against the lace fabric of her bra making me groan out loud, my hand straying to my cock making me moan louder as I chance a few passes along it.

As if I need any stimulation. The sight of her half naked, her pink nipples piercing through the sheer material, her silky soft skin and those hips... it's too much.

I press my hand, then my face against the glass, aching to touch her myself, my eyes locked onto hers the whole time until she turns to pick a shirt from the bag of clothes I brought.

She holds one, then another in front of herself. And then biting her lip again, she reaches around, making me shake

my head in disbelief as she reaches for her bras clasp.

An inhuman sound escapes me, a low beast like sound. And it's one I know she hears. With a coy grin and a cocking of her brow, she opts to change her shirt only, saving the full view of her naked breasts for another time, I hope.

I'll make sure of that.

As quickly as it all started, her face changes. She looks shy and pensive again. The new shirt is on and the red stained crumpled one she had on earlier is stowed into the clear plastic evidence bag Chalmers left for her.

I shudder as I try to regain my breath, try to compose myself.

I can only attempt to cover my arousal with the thin paper folder as I go back to the other door, giving a soft knock before I re-enter.

Jesus, what this girl is doing to me already.

CHAPTER THREE

Violet

Hearing him use his strong voice, his huge presence to command both me and the detective, it's about as much as I can take.

I should be taken aback, offended even. But I just want him in ways I don't even understand myself yet. I *want* him to tell me what to do, to tell me what he wants me to do to him.

It's not like me at all. I'm about as sexual as a brick on a good day, a shiny brick if something really sets me off.

But there's so much about Butch that has set my mind and my body racing, set my pulse and my now drenched pussy quivering, just seeing him. Just being in the same little room as him.

I can tell Detective Chalmers has a lot to say, but once he stand, he's practically herded out of the room as the obvious Alpha male takes charge of both me and the situation at hand.

He orders me to change my shirt, somehow having managed to get what looks like a bag of my things from my apartment.

It's in his tone, in his eyes. I just conform to whatever he tells me to do. He's so strong and powerful looking, it's as though there's a thought, a glimmer of some sort of reward for me if I do what he wants.

Yeah, right. As if you stand a chance with this guy. He's probably married or has ten women on the go at once. Look at the man, he's an Adonis.

Something in the way he looked at me though, something in his eyes. He's got me marked, and I'm sure it's not only to protect me.

Suddenly I'm alone in the small room, the door locking from the other side so I can change.

The red all over the front of my new white shirt looks more pink now than red, but I want it off me. I want out of here and already I want Butch again.

After I hear the door lock click, I hear another door not far away doing the same.

Looking over at the reflective mirror opposite the little table it doesn't take much to put two and two together.

I know somehow, that Butch is there on the other side. That he's watching me.

Again, it should be offending me or upsetting me that he wants to watch me change my shirt. But because it's him. Because of this feeling he's giving me, I feel a sensation, a thrill like nothing I've ever felt before.

I'm practically swooning by the time I unbutton my shirt, knowing he'll see my chest with my hard nipples which by

now are aching like there's something wrong with me.

But it's him I crave. There's nothing wrong with that feeling, it's just all so new to me.

Even the usual shyness I'd feel at taking anything off in front of someone else, in front of myself, in front of the damned mirror, is gone.

In a single moment, I'm compelled by the knowledge that it's him watching. I can feel his eyes on me as I slip my shirt off, shivering as a hot line of excitement travels from the top of my head all the way to my now sodden panties.

It's like I'm in a trance. Like he has a power over me that he only wants to use for my pleasure as well as his. I feel my hands moving behind me to unhook my bra, wishing they were his. Wanting them to be his.

Wanting his mouth over my nipples. Wanting him over my...

The sudden low, almost tortured sound from the other side of the glass is undeniable. If I didn't know Butch was there, or even think he was, I'd be worried.

But it's a strong sound, an excited sound. It's the sound of a man in torment being teased with the sight of what he knows what he wants.

What I know now that I want him to have.

Suddenly feeling foolish, half naked and very self-conscious, the regular part of me takes over again and in a flash I'm changed.

I have to steady myself against the table, nearly collapsing my knees are shaking so badly.

I wonder if he heard the sounds I was making, I only became aware I've been purring, then practically

whimpering the whole time.

His knock at the door jolts me back to reality. His own flushed face appearing around the doorway making us both feel instantly relieved at seeing each other in person again, but the obvious tension between us is still there, only stronger and more magnetizing than before.

Butch snatches up the shirt in the plastic bag and holds it, along with his folder in front of himself as his eyes scan me from head to toe all over again, making me swallow hard, trying harder still not to make a sound, but some how squeaks as his growl of approval sends a fresh wave of heat through me.

"I-I couldn't wait to be out of that shirt," I stammer, "All that blood... it's horrible."

Butch frowns, not lifting the shirt he has pressed against his crotch.

"Blood?" He stifles a grin, shaking his head. "Is that what Chalmers told you?"

I feel my own head shaking, "I just thought..."

"It's red, but not blood." He assures me, taking a step forward and making me gasp again.

"It's from a dye pack... it would've gone off when your friend was handling all that cash the feds lured him with... before he shot three in the chest," Butch says.

"He's not my friend," I snap, surprised at the venom in my voice.

"Nor mine," Butch growls. "I'm gonna keep you safe until the trial, your testimony will help put him and the rest of them away for good."

His words bring the gravity of the situation to a head for me all over again.

I'm glad to hear I haven't been covered in blood this whole time, but I suddenly feel tears coming, a delayed reaction after the day I've had.

I try to stop them, even put my hand over my mouth to stop the stupid sounds and bubbles escaping, but before I know it, I'm bawling like a baby.

Butch's warmth. His woodsy manly smell and those thick hard arms around me is the next thing I'm aware of.

Burying my face in his chest, he pulls my soft body against the firmness of his own, slowly but surely making me feel the reason he was covering his crotch the whole time which makes me only lean in harder against him.

Making him groan softly as he strokes my hair, already breaking every rule I'm sure he's supposed to be following.

But I don't care.

I feel safe for the first time in my life, and more than that I feel something I want to feel a hell of a lot more of.

Oh, Butch.

CHAPTER FOUR

B_{utch}

What the fuck am I doing?

I've broken every rule in the book and I've known her for all of five minutes.

Almost every rule.

It's my security firm, I'm the boss but still. If anyone saw what I've done so far, I'd probably be in a cell myself. I'd certainly have some explaining to do.

Thing is, Violet isn't complaining. And once I feel her lean into me, I know I'm done for.

I know I'm not imagining it and my body tells her she isn't either.

Feeling her softness against me, it's more than I could've hoped for. But she's upset and that's not what I want.

"I'm sorry," she sniffs, and I hold her closer when she tries to pull away.

“You’ve had a rough day. A shock, it’s gonna be alright, now,” I say and mean it.

There’s so much more I want to say, but I don’t want to scare her off or worry her either.

Having her in my arms is fine for now. But I have to get her out of here, away from this place and ultimately, away from Garcia’s thugs before they figure out what’s happened to the star witness in their set up that went south so quickly.

I want to tell her how much I want her already, how much I need to claim her just to quell the feeling of urgency in me. But I want her safe and happy first and foremost.

“You’re mine.” I hear myself growling, rolling my eyes and kicking myself for being so over the top caveman about everything when it comes to her, but that’s just how it’s coming out.

Her tiny hands against my chest, grasping for more than my shirt tell me she’s okay with it.

“...until the trial, at least,” I add, moving myself away from her just enough to look her in the eyes. Her crystal blue eyes brimming with tears, which I fight not to wipe away, forcing some degree of control over the situation.

For now at least. Just get her to the cabin.

She nods when I ask her if she’ll be alright as I pull away, and I feel a stab of loss right away.

“When can you do *that* again?” She asks, sniffing and trying to make herself laugh, her eyes straying to my bulging crotch.

“I’m really not supposed to...” I start to say, but her lip trembles and I have to clench my jaw just to stop myself from crashing my mouth onto hers.

"I know," she muses, "I'm just being stupid, like thinking that stuff was blood," she says, shaking her head.

"You're not stupid, Violet. Don't even think it let alone say it, okay?" I reprimand her gently.

"You've lived through today, which is stronger and braver than most trained men I know could manage."

Sort of.

"Really?" she asks me, and I can only nod my head in agreement with a military style grunt.

"Now... If we can get moving? I'll be a lot happier once we're on the road," I tell her truthfully.

"Where are we going?" she asks, but I shake my head, lowering my eyes.

"Please. Don't ask, okay Violet? A lot has to happen and it's just easier for now if you trust me. Can you do that? Will you do that, for me?" I hear myself asking her, my heart melting as her head bobs up and down, her eyes wide and clear now, free of tears and some of that other emotion in them.

That part of her that wants what I have, what I've been saving for her.

I drop the bagged shirt at the front desk, with instructions to give it to Chalmers, then guiding Violet by the small of her back, using her body as a human shield to hide my now raging hardness, I get us to a set of service stairs.

"Bit of James Bond stuff, but not too much," I whisper to her, urging her into the narrow stairwell, breathing in the scent of her hair that's so close, wanting to hold her again more than anything.

I want her in front of me for now. The greatest threats will come from behind for now.

My SUV is in the lower basement and after a quick scan of the area, I know we're clear. I settle her into the passenger side, trying and failing to shield my arousal from her behind the open door, but she only blushes a healthy color and looks up at me with greater intensity.

"There's some media, reporters and such," I say, buckling myself in and realizing she should've gone under a blanket in the back.

"I can duck down," she says enthusiastically and once we're moving, she reaches behind us and lifts the blanket, covering herself with it as I slow down before we reach the gated exit which slowly winds open.

"Like this?" she asks, and I hear myself moan as she folds herself across the bench seat, putting her head on my lap.

Feeling her hair spray across my groin and thighs, even through my pants which are straining with my intense hardness, I grunt aloud, sure I'm about to unload right here and now.

"Uh huh," I manage, growling as her hands knead into my thighs, the side of her face pressing right against my thick cock as I become aware that her own breathing is erratic. Her own shuddering body making little sounds.

My hands start shaking and I can't feel my grip on the wheel anymore. I only want to hold her head, to guide her sweet mouth over my length and watch her pretty head bob up and down on it until I explode into her mouth.

But I can't.

I can't even think it, it's too... ah fuck. Who am I kidding here?

I force air out of my puffed cheeks and somehow manage to get us clear of the police station, a few blocks before I realize there's no media.

There's not much of anybody on the streets.

My jaw is clenched so tight I feel like my head's split in half when I finally let it relax, lifting the blanket off Violet's head and looking down at her blond hair, framing her angelic face as she lays there, asleep in my lap.

Her little hands curled up under her chin, a smile on her face and the thick edge of my arousal supporting her from behind.

She only makes a little meowing sound as I brush some stray hair from her face, content as I think I've ever been and I can see she's certainly feeling the same.

CHAPTER FIVE

Violet

I didn't mean to fall asleep, but at the same time...

Burying my face in Butch's lap, my hands resting on his rock hard thigh, the motion of the truck rocking us both. All the while his thick cock pressing against my face through his pants.

I've never even seen a man naked, let alone been so close to a man's raging hard on. His feel, the whole manly scent and feel of him is like being on some saturated warm cloud and despite myself, I curl up like a kitten and fall asleep.

Before I even open my eyes again, I'm aware of his hand coming off me and back to the wheel as he notices me stirring awake.

I want to stay here forever, but the old part of me, the self-conscious dying of embarrassment side of me takes over again and I bolt upright, clutching at my chest as if I can't breathe.

“Woah!” Butch exclaims, “Are you okay? You really conked out back there... I... I didn’t want to disturb you,” he says, taking his hand from the wheel and using it to try and cover himself.

He’s been that hard the whole time?

I almost feel sorry for him. Does it hurt for a guy to be like that for so long?

“Sorry,” I hear myself murmur, rubbing sleep from my eyes. “I dunno what happened... I guess I was hoping if I closed my eyes, I’d wake up and all this would’ve been a horrible dream.”

“Am I really that bad?” Butch says under his breath, his eyes moving out to the road ahead.

I groan with instant regret. Wanting more than anything to reach out and touch him again, but I can tell he’s hurt.

“I just mean-” I start to say, but it feels like the Butch window has closed, I watch his steely look return and his face set, matching his grip on the wheel.

He’s not mad with me, just doing his job.

Drawing a big line in the sand that we crossed and now I feel like I’ve pushed him back over to the other side.

“Can you tell me where we are? Where we're going?” I ask, hoping the change in topic might help.

“Safe house,” is all he says, then adding, “...just as well you fell asleep. Saves trying to keep you from knowing where you are.”

“Is this absolutely necessary?” I ask, feeling a little annoyed again at the reminder that my life is no longer my own, temporary or not. I don’t like not being able to go home.

And being stuck with grumpy Butch for a whole week.. Idiot! Why'd you have to piss him off like that? Nightmare indeed.

Butch lets out a low sound, but not the sexy kind this time.

"The man who ran into you, Eduardo Garcia? He's the most violent organized crime boss in the state, maybe this side of the country. You ran into him as he fled a federal sting operation to set him and his family up, putting them all away for a long time."

I don't need reminding, but at the same time, nobody has really explained it to me so far either.

"What about all the police there... federal agents?" I ask, wondering why they need me.

"All dead," Butch says, sucking a sliver of air between his teeth, one of his eyes narrowing as the setting sun catches his face as we turn a bend in the road.

I know we're heading west and definitely up towards some mountains.

"It's your eyewitness testimony that'll put him at the scene, Violet, you're all the prosecution has as far as putting him away goes... you're precious cargo to them and my job is to keeping you safe until the trial."

He says, a note of finality towards the end, making me swallow down another croak, and what feels like tears coming back again.

I'm not sad or upset about what's happening anymore.

Sad and upset that maybe Butch doesn't like me after all.

"I didn't mean *you* when I said this was all a bad dream, Butch," I stammer, unable to stand the thought of not

having that feeling we shared all the way here so far today.

He grunts, but pretends to focus on the road.

The sun is in my eyes now too, and even with the visor down, I can't see, making it uncomfortable.

I try looking out the window but it only makes things feel worse, as if I'm deliberately ignoring Butch, which is the last thing I want.

"Can I rest my head again?" I ask, "... in your lap? I can't see..." I start to say, but he's shaking his head, causing my chest to ache in a bad way, making my lips tremble at the thought of his rejection.

"Please?" I ask, not even trying to not sound desperate.

"No," He says flatly, and I feel like I'll burst until he tells me why.

Looking at me in the rear view mirror, his eyes bore into mine with fierce intensity, with nothing but pure passion.

"Because if you do Violet, I won't be held accountable for what I'm liable to do to you... to both of us."

It's not so much what he says, but how he says it that fills me with an instant flush of nervous heat. That thing that starts at the top of my head and goes all the way down someplace, somewhere deep inside me, making me moan softly, moving in my seat suddenly.

Aching for him now more than I ever thought possible.

"You mean it?" I ask, still unable to fathom how he could be interested in me.

"What about your wife?" I ask, and his eyes flash for an instant.

“There’s nobody,” is all he says, and I can see how hard he’s weighing things up now. Now that he knows, surely he knows the effect he’s having on me, surely he can feel how much I need him by now?

“I don’t have anyone either,” I hear myself saying, suddenly feeling like I really don’t.

Butch is the closest I’ve come to anything my whole life.

Sounds melodramatic, but in those few moments of silence that follow, I realize that is the absolute truth.

I have nobody in this world, and Butch is the first, the only man to even look at me and now I can tell he’s torn between following his head and following his heart.

Either way will have consequences for us both, but I can’t help it and I know he can’t either.

I slide over to him, and rest my head against his broad chest, I shudder a breath as I watch my hand stray down into his lap, my arm resting against the bulge which starts to throb to life against it through his pants.

His warm, thick arm around my shoulders tells me everything I need to know.

We’re both in deep now, and his low growl of approval seals both our fates. I suppress my anxiety about so many things, least of which is how I’m going to let him see me naked, let alone do anything else.

For now though, wherever we’re headed, I’m glad to know we’re at least clear on how we both feel.

Whatever that means and wherever it’s going to lead us both.

CHAPTER SIX

Butch

Well. That's it. I've gone and done it.

I'm mentally mapping out how my business can be dismantled, how I can avoid prosecution if any of this gets out.

The feeling of Violet resting against me, her hands on me.

Nothing else matters. It'll work itself out, I tell myself finally.

I'll deal with any problems as they come to me, not the other way around.

We're only a few miles out from my cabin. A safe house deep in the mountains. It's somewhere nobody else knows about. Secret even from my team.

Bringing Violet here is a huge risk, I've broken protocol so much today, taking her someplace with just one guard.

But I wouldn't feel right anywhere else. The city's too dangerous, too predictable and anywhere else is just too far at short notice without being traceable.

I'd normally pull over, take up a position and wait. Wait and watch to make sure we're not being followed, but there's something in just having her pressed against me, coupled with the urgent hardness in my pants that makes me press my foot a little harder down on the gas so we can get to the cabin sooner.

I've been looking behind, in front and around the whole way. I don't think we've been tailed.

Violet gasps, sitting up as the cabin rolls into view. I slow down some so she can take in the surroundings of our new home, for the next week at least.

The wooden facade hides the foot thick armored concrete underneath with the whole structure built into the rock at the edge of a precipice overlooking an ancient volcanic crater lake.

The thick pine and cedar woods stop a fair way from the cabin, making it impossible for anyone or anything to creep up without being seen.

"Let me take a look around first," I tell Violet, signaling her to stay in the truck as I lock it and have a quick look around.

No fresh tracks or footprints, a quick scan of the interior cameras via my smartwatch and I breathe easily for the first time all day.

But I can't relax, not while Garcia has people out there wanting to get a hold of Violet.

My Violet now.

Looking over at her in the truck, she's clearly wanting to come out and take a look. Pressing the key in my pocket, I signal her over with my hand, feeling the thick hardness

next to the key as her chest moves in time with the rest of her body as she jogs over, making me groan again.

Her eyes are everywhere, in the woods and on the cabin, then to the rocky edge next to the cabin before coming back to mine.

I feel my heart skip when I see her trotting towards the edge, but have to remind myself she's not a child, she's twenty-one. I memorized every detail of her from her file.

Etched into my mind forever.

"It's just beautiful!" she exclaims, giggling to herself as she looks at me over her shoulder, urging me to join her.

"It sure is," I growl. Watching her fine, apple bottom ass moving to and from as she climbs some low rocks for a better view. Giving me the perfect view of her rear end and those hips in the process.

Hips I vow to grip hard. An ass I promise myself to hold tight, pressing myself deep inside her as I fill her with my seed.

Fill her with our children.

Our family.

She calls me over again, making me feel almost guilty for my thoughts, with her innocence. Her excitement over something so simple as the view, which I have to say has never looked finer now that she's in it.

She's so excited by the view, the huge expanse of lake below and the surrounding mountains that she calls out an '*echo*', making me spring into action, reaching her in two steps.

I grip her arm, spinning her around and cupping my hand over her mouth.

It's sheer instinct, and although I haven't hurt her, I have frightened her.

Instantly, I loosen my grip but I keep my hand on her mouth, cocking my ear as she realizes the foolishness of calling out.

Her eyes are an instant apology, with those silver tears coming again.

I shift my hand to cup her face, my other hand pulling her closer to me by her waist.

"I'm sorry," she murmurs, trying to look down but I hold her face up by her chin.

"No. I am Violet. I should've said something beforehand. We're safe here, but we still need to--"

A twig snapping behind me sees us both darting our heads to the edge of the woods behind us, my hand reaching for the Glock inside my jacket.

An inquisitive squirrel darts from one side of the clearing to the other, pausing to stand on its hind legs and sniff the air, registering our arrival with some suspicion.

"See?" I tell her, cocking my brow. "Fierce creatures... danger at every turn." I say, trying to hold my serious face but we both end up laughing.

"I'll be more careful," she assures me, and I feel her hand in mine giving my fingers a gentle squeeze which makes me realize just how hard I've fallen for her already.

Keeping her hand in mine, I lead us both to the front door and let us in via the solid steel door which is passkey activated, along with my retinal scan and fingerprint to open it.

“Don’t lock yourself out,” I quip, trying to be funny, but hear her swallow as it dawns on her again just how serious the situation really is.

Reminding me too, that I still have a job to do, despite my sincere but ulterior motives.

She seems to relax once inside. The interior, like the outside, doesn’t show any of the tech or armaments the place has. It looks like a very classy, modern take on the traditional log cabin inside.

She gasps again, at the view from the rear of the living room, which runs on into the wide kitchen.

I watch her go over to the windows before ducking my head into each room just to be double sure my paranoia is exhausted.

To know we’re finally alone.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Violet

I do feel better once we're inside, the whole security thing scares me for a second, but once I see inside it looks like something out of a magazine.

The whole place is immaculate and each room feels and looks bigger than my whole apartment, but the view draws me to it again. I could stare at it all day, but I don't feel Butch behind me anymore until I turn to see where he's got to running straight into him.

Both my hands go up, resting flat on his chest as he instinctively grabs for my waist, his hard body under my hands making me shiver straight away.

"I just had to make sure we're the only ones here," he murmurs, his face only inches from mine.

"And are we?" I ask, looking up at him, moving myself forward, aching for more of his hands on me, all over me.

He nods gently and I feel his hands reaching around behind me, pulling me in closer, moving down and squeezing my

ass as I feel his warm hardness pressing into my belly.

“Almost alone,” I venture, glancing down at his unmistakable arousal.

“I can’t help it, Violet... you just.”

I close my eyes, lifting my head up and parting my lips, wondering if this is how it’s done.

But nothing happens.

I open my eyes, and Butch is looking at me strangely, “You alright?” he asks, and I flush so red, so hot from embarrassment I almost lose my nerve completely until he realizes what I’m trying to do.

He crashes his mouth over mine making me whimper, drawing a sound from me that’s relief, frustration and curiosity all rolled up into one.

He kisses me slowly and with his lips only, until I feel comfortable enough to probe his mouth with my tongue.

He moans softly, his hands running over me as he dips me slightly, kissing me harder. Deeper.

He tastes like my new favorite flavor, and his body’s hardness against my softness feels like something we both enjoy as he growls with approval, finally tasting me as I savor his mouth with my own.

My heart is pounding so hard I can hardly hear, it feels like I can’t breathe and my legs go out from under me.

Opening my eyes, I can see Butch’s face so close to mine still, my arms around his neck as he carries me to the next room.

“I’ve waited long enough,” he says sternly, and I feel my head nodding, the slick valley between my thighs sliding

with each step he takes, sending waves of pleasure through me, aching for his mouth over me down there as well.

"I..." I start to say, but I'm shaking, literally quivering in his arms to the point my teeth are chattering. It's only once he lays me down on a huge double bed I realize what's happening, I'm so close to climax. I'm about to come just from him kissing me. From him holding me.

"Butch," I whimper, his eyes registering my dilemma, making him growl in a low tone as he gently undoes my jeans, little jerks and fits coming from me as he slides me out of my pants.

I shudder, feeling his hands on my thighs, moving them apart as his eyes widen as he takes me in with them, shaking his head gently.

I think he might be unhappy somehow, seeing me almost naked, but his lips curl in time with his low sounds, and his own thick bulge is twitching under his clothes, telling me he's more than happy with what he's seeing.

"Tell me what to do," I stammer, "What do you want me to-" I try and say, struggling to speak as I feel my eyes rolling back, the first waves of what must be my first real orgasm starting to come already.

But Butch reads me perfectly, and he's wasting no time in making sure he gives me the pleasure he knows I'm craving from him.

"Just tell me you want this," he growls. "Tell me you're mine and I can have you, all of you to myself.. always."

"Oh, yes...yes... Butch... I'm yours...I'm yours," I pant.

Feeling another sudden pulse which takes my breath away and within a second, Butch has my panties pulled to one

side, his mouth over my quivering, twitching hole.

Running as much of my hands over his thick neck, then his soft hair, I grip the sides of his head, pulling him closer onto me as I buck my mound harder into his eager mouth.

His tongue is circling my swollen clit, freed instantly from its gleaming hood by his expert technique, while his hands work my lips and stroke the inside of my thighs making it feel like there's a dozen of him down there.

I feel it rising, building up until I know I won't be able to stop it. I call out for him, but his only reply is more of the same. More intense.

Just how and where I like it.

Where I need it.

My hands claw at his hair, my whole body stiffens and I start to shake all over.

The jerks and spasms of my first full body orgasm rippling through me as I feel myself gushing into Butch's mouth.

His tongue and mouth eagerly lapping up my essence as his lowest, most satisfied growls vibrate up my quivering mound so hard I feel a second wave take me over almost immediately.

Twitching and shivering still as I feel the room returning, the bed underneath me again, I'm only aware of Butch's hands running softly over my thighs and legs, up to my chest as he circles my thick nipples through my shirt.

He can only repeat one word to himself before I catch sight of his devilish grin, satisfied beyond measure, chanting the one word I'll never tire of hearing him say before I tug at his head so he can kiss me.

“Mine,” he growls as we lose ourselves in the taste of my first orgasm on both our mouths.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Butch

I only get her half naked before I can see she's so close, and making a direct line for her swollen, gleaming pussy is just fine by me. If I'd had my way we would've done this the first time we met, but here I know she's safe and she's more than worth waiting for.

I can't believe how fucking beautiful she is. Her smooth skin under my hands makes me feel old and rough by comparison. But she's so hungry, so turned on that I barely have time to take her in or get her top off even, before I've taken all of her in my mouth and have my first taste of what's soon to be mine properly.

All her shyness goes when she's this hot, with her climax so close, I can only try and give her all the pleasure she deserves before I give thanks again as she gushes into my waiting mouth.

I could drink from her all day and then the next. I plan to, she's the sweetest thing I've ever seen and tasted and I tell her so.

Kissing her deeply, tasting her mouth with her essences still on my lips and feeling my whole body pressed to hers, it's only instinct that makes me want to claim her now.

To fill her with my hardness and make her come again, even harder as she feels me deep inside her.

But she's looking shy again, and blushes as I start to undo her shirt.

"What is it, baby?" I ask her, "I've got plenty more where that came from," I croon, making her smile as she shudders a deep breath in.

"I know..." she says hesitantly, "I want you, Butch... I need you inside me, I do... it's just... I..."

There's something she hasn't told me. I feel the sharp stab of panic rising.

I knew it, she does have a boyfriend. Of course she does... maybe she's married. Christ sakes man, look at her, of course she's taken.

"I'm a virgin, Butch," she says softly, her lower lip starting to tremble and her cheeks flushing red.

I shake my head again, but only in disbelief.

"When I said there's nobody... I meant it. I've never even kissed a boy," she whispers.

I'm the luckiest man alive to have Violet, to have her tell me she wants to be mine, knowing I'll be her first.

I kiss her harder than I mean to, tasting the iron tang of my own blood on my lip.

She looks confused.

“That’s the best thing I’ve heard all my life,” is all I can say, feeling my heart leap in somersaults as I kiss her again, feeling her kissing me back now with more confidence.

“I’ll be your first?” I ask her again, hardly believing my ears, hardly comprehending my good luck.

No other will has touched her. She’s truly mine.

I sit up, on my knees between her legs and pull her legs over mine, making her gasp.

I begin undoing her shirt, I want to see what’s mine. All of her.

And then her look registers with me. I understand in a split second.

“Oh, we don’t have to...not right now,” I tell her, feeling her relax instantly. “I just want to look at you, all over,” I growl, and she tells me the same.

“And I want to see you, Butch. All of you.”

We do have plenty of time, so there’s no rush.

As long as I know she’s safe and she’s mine, everything else can run its course. But as I start to tear my clothes off, the heavy gun thudding on the carpeted floor as I’m half naked myself, I can tell it won’t be long before she’s begging me to be inside her.

Her hands run over my chest, which I flex for her amusement, until they run over my rippling abs, down to what I can tell she wants to see and feel most.

“Go on,” I encourage her. “Take it out. I want to watch you see my cock for the first time.”

Her trembling hands prove more efficient than they look, and in seconds, she’s undone my zipper and button and my

thick length springs out as she gasps, eagerly fixing both hands around my hot shaft which she automatically starts to pump up and down as she purrs.

My jaw clenches, and my hands are full of the sheets as I fight the urge to let go, commanding myself to save what's rising up from deep inside me. Telling myself to save it for her.

I tilt my head back, relishing the sensation of her grip on me. I moan loudly letting her know she's doing everything right.

"It's beautiful," she says. Sitting up to get closer, she runs her hands over every inch of me and my aching hardness, while I manage to get everything off in the process until we're both completely naked.

"But I can't just leave you like this?" she says, pouting, then looking mischievous.

"I only want to come inside you, Violet. I can wait until you're ready," I say firmly, meaning it.

"I want you to as well," she says, and I grab both her hands as they fall from my cock, gently replacing them as she begins to look uncertain again.

"Whenever you're ready," I say.

"Until then though, be prepared for more of my mouth on that sweet pussy of yours. Got it?" I caution her, relieved as the smile returns to her face and I shudder again, feeling myself twitch in her hands before she uses them to pull me down onto her again, kissing me like we've been doing this forever.

CHAPTER NINE

Violet

I don't know anything about guys, but Butch seems to have a level of control that I know isn't just for my benefit.

He really means it when he says he'll wait for me, and we both know that won't be long.

What are you waiting for, freakin' straddle that monster and ride that pony.

If only it was that simple.

I just feel so... I dunno. Inadequate compared to Butch. He's so perfect, and I'm just so...

Don't say it. Don't even think it... don't ruin this.

Butch sighs happily, he seems totally cool with not going all the way, which is weird because I thought that's what every guy wants. But Butch isn't every guy. He's a real man, and once I realize he's happy to snuggle, just like we are, I relax even more.

He pulls the blankets up over us both and I rest my head on his chest, listening to his strong heartbeat, listening to his breathing.

“Why do they call you Butch?” I ask, finding some of his downy chest hair and starting to twirl it until he winces as it pinches.

“I dunno,” he says, and I can tell he’s thinking about asking me a few things as well, but I really want to know his name. His real name.

“It’s Simon,” he says, reading my mind and almost sounding a little self-conscious himself.

Almost.

“No middle name,” he adds, proving he really is a mind reader as well as expert tongue lasher.

“Simon Brooks,” I whisper softly, kissing his chest as he strokes my neck with his hand, it makes me feel better knowing his full name, feeling him touch me and knowing it pleases him at the same time too.

“Anything else?” I hear him ask in his deep, authoritative voice but know that he’s smiling to himself.

“Nope,” I squeak, and hug him harder, burying myself into him and closing my eyes, hoping this can last forever.

“And what does Violet Campbell do, when she’s not being taken into protective custody?” he asks. But instead of making me want to talk about myself, it only reminds me that I can’t go home, that even the sorry life I thought I had before is beyond my reach.

I feel safe and happy with Butch, happier than I’ve ever been, but it’s still not the same as being free and safe.

Having the choices I had yesterday.

Butch picks up on my thinking, on my mood. "It's okay if you don't want to talk about what happened, but I want to know more about you, about the *other* Violet," he says softly, which makes me feel better straight away.

"I dunno," I muse aloud, "I don't do anything that exciting. I live alone, I work."

I bolt upright, a tightness in my chest making me feel like I'm imploding.

"Shit! My job... I'm supposed to be at work tomorrow."

But Butch's hand gently try to guide me back down next to him, my heart pounding now, the weight of what's happened sinking in.

"How am I gonna pay my bills... What about my..."

Butch is stroking my hair, shushing me gently until I can finally hear what he's saying over my own rabid thoughts.

"It's all been taken care of. Your job will be waiting for you when all this is over, all your bills will be paid, don't worry."

But I can't just 'not worry.'

Forgetting my nakedness I leap out of the bed, pacing frantically with my finger to my temples, trying to think how I could have forgotten about so much in one single day.

"What about my phone?" I ask, suddenly realizing that all my stuff was calmly taken from me at the police station. "My purse. My keys?" I shriek, feeling any level of control leaving me altogether.

I rant for what feels like seconds but must be several minutes. I finally start to feel the chill, noticing my body moving freely around me, butt naked in front of Butch,

whose hungry eyes eagerly devouring me. Not the slightest look of concern on his face.

“What are you staring at!” I shout at him, holding my arms out, even bending over right in front of him, “Is this giving you a thrill? Because I don’t think it’s funny anymore. I want my stuff back, right now!”

Once he sees how hysterical I’m getting, he stands up, comes over to me and takes me by the elbows, guiding me over to the edge of the bed and wrapping a blanket around my shoulders.

I’m crying again, wondering how all this has gotten away from me so fast.

I’ve been so engrossed in Butch, with trying to forget that other man who the police caught, that I’d forgotten all about my tiny little life.

The one I had only yesterday, or was it this morning?

Oh! I just don’t know anything anymore.

I collapse into Butch’s arms sobbing like a child, and he only holds me tighter the harder I cry, stroking my hair back, not even saying a word.

I hear myself recounting what happened to Butch, what I half remember from that morning.

“I was just on my way to work... I thought I’d walk to get the exercise, and then just as I passed that restaurant, there was all this shooting, glass everywhere.”

“You’re here now,” Butch says, rubbing my back, but I can’t unsee what’s flashing in my mind.

“There’s men crying out for help, more popping sounds, and then that man... he runs right into me! His eyes aren’t

even scared... he's not even worried... they look... dead inside."

I cry-laugh, becoming hysterical again, but the tears win out and I wail and moan into Butch's chest, his arms around me the whole time as he rocks me gently.

At some point I run out of steam, the whole thing feels too unreal to have even happened.

With my eyes closed, I feel Butch lifting me back onto the soft bed, lifting the covers up to my chin as I lose my fight with the darkness and give over to the sleep that's been trying to take me all day.

CHAPTER TEN

Butch

I was wrong about Violet holding up against everything she's been through, and I'm glad.

She's in shock. The kind they can't treat or even see at hospitals, but I'm glad to see her letting some of her pain out. It means she has a good chance of dealing with it better as time goes on, but I know she'll never be quite the same, who could be after something like that?

The selfish part of me wishes I'd been there, telling myself I failed to protect her before I'd even met her, which is impossible.

All I can do now is swear to watch over her and protect her from today. Forever.

I saw her little place, tiny. How simply she lives and I know she misses it. But I also know she's worth way more. That she can have the life she wants away from that world, that she can have that life with me.

It's not standard practice to meddle in their private affairs of those were charged to protect, but I've already taken care of her job and her landlord. Making sure her rent is paid up and more than enough for any utilities that come up.

Briggs, the original man to watch Violet has a new assignment working in a pet shop, for a week at least but he might be cleaning out bird cages for some time yet if I have my way.

Violet's boss at the pet shop was fine with everything, a month's worth of sales in crisp bills on the counter answered any questions I politely asked him to keep to himself.

Watching her sleep, her chest rising and falling peacefully now, I can't help but smile at some of her hysterics. Watching her naked body move, even when she's mad is still the hottest thing I've ever seen and I admit, it took all I had to stop myself from taking her there and then once she bent over in front of me, flashing herself like that.

I shiver at the thought, forcing my mind to focus on the task at hand, guarding her.

I'll claim you soon enough, Violet. But you've had a big day, deserving an even bigger rest.

I've said to myself I could sit and watch Violet all day, now I know I really can.

All night.

I can't sleep at a time like this. Having her come to me, as if by magic, now having her right here where we'll never be disturbed. It's too good to sleep through one second of it.

Taking up the big leather chair opposite the bed by the window overlooking the lake, I watch her until dark and then keep on watching her as the full moon rises, filling the room with its silvery blue light.

She has a few restless moments, like she's having a bad dream but settles down every time, sleeping like a log.

Instead of feeling tired myself as the night passes, I feel more energized from watching over her. As the gray dawn replaces the sheen of moonlight, I feel more alert than ever, having sat in the same spot the whole night, just watching her.

Only once the sun is up do I leave her, and only long enough to start fixing us both some breakfast, which is also the dinner we skipped.

The place is well stocked, and we could last for months up here if need be. Self-sufficient? Maybe not, but enough frozen, dried and microwaveable food and backup power to last through almost any crisis.

A week doesn't seem long enough.

I haven't checked in either, but made a point of telling Briggs this job was priority one, meaning it's also top secret.

Nobody on my crew even knows about this place, just me.

And now Violet.

Our place.

I'm well into making pancakes, with the eggs and sausage warming on the hob, when her hands around my robed waist catch me by surprise, making me jump.

“You got me,” I say, not impressed. I didn’t hear someone coming from behind, but more than happy it’s Violet.

“Nothing for me,” she murmurs, groaning something about just coffee before disappearing again.

I can almost hear my skin cracking from the face I make, frowning.

I don’t intend to just guard Violet. I also want to look after her, which means feeding her, entertaining her and above all, making sure she’s well-satisfied.

‘Just coffee’ won’t cut it with me.

I finish making my stack of pancakes before I hear her coming out of the bathroom next to the bedroom, cuing me to go see how she is this morning.

Apart from not wanting breakfast, she’s fine. Well rested but still shaky from the day before, which is to be expected.

“You’ll need to eat,” I remind her calmly, “We skipped dinner last night,” I almost exclaim.

It’s a big deal for me to miss a meal, but Violet only shrugs, looking up at the ceiling and making me feel a little uneasy considering what we did last night.

“Are you alright?” I ask her, not wanting to upset her again. Reminding myself she’s slept but has low blood sugar and had no coffee so far.

“I’m okay,” she lies, and strains a smile for me. I sit on the edge of the bed and lean across her, resting my arm over her legs.

“Don’t bullshit me, Violet,” I tell her straight up, “You’ll have your coffee, but I need you to eat as well. But before any of

that, what's the matter, huh?" I ask, finally holding her chin with my fingers so I can look into her eyes.

"You don't have to make so much food," she says flatly. "I'm not a hippopotamus... even though I look and feel like one next to you," she says, her eyes flashing with hurt.

"Woah!" I say aloud, crossing my fingertips, "time-out."

"I made extra pancakes, sure but I always eat big in the morning, especially after skipping dinner," I tell her firmly, feeling a little cranky from having no food myself.

"I can't force feed you, but I'm having my breakfast now, and you're more than welcome to join me," I say, trying not to sound hurt myself at the thought of my cooking being rejected.

I thought I was on a win with my famous pancakes.

After the pleasures of last night and the total thrill of watching her sleep all night, today's off to a shaky start. I clamp my jaw tight, telling myself that the more I speak the worse things will get so I quietly get two places set at the breakfast bar and after pouring my coffee with no Violet in sight, I help myself to what should have been our first meal together in silence.

I'm chewing extra hard, fighting the urge go have it out with Violet. I feel pretty annoyed now that she would even think I'd deliberately make so much food based on what? The way she sees herself?

I see her this time before she can creep up on me in stealth mode. She's got a small smile and seeing her with one of my robes on, her chest beckoning me from underneath, I can't stay mad at her for a second.

“It smells great,” she says, and I get up to pouring her coffee, holding out her chair and settling a napkin on her lap before I take my seat again.

“I’m not a morning person,” she confesses, and I only raise both my brows in reply.

Really? I would never have guessed.

“Violet,” I say sternly, “Look at me, I’m almost seven feet tall and I need fuel in my tank. I eat a big breakfast, whether someone else is with me or not. I’m sorry if it made you uncomfortable but this is what I like to eat, how I like to eat.”

I try not to sound too hard on her, it’s a lot to take in the past twenty-four hours and I’m relieved when she nods after listening.

“I guess I owe you an apology. I’m just used to people making fun or assuming a lot about me because of my size. I just wouldn’t have thought someone in your shape would eat so much... like this,” she says, her eyes widening at the amount of food.

“There’s enough for two plus we can have any leftovers for lunch,” I remark casually, hoping we can put it to rest and once she gets some food in, but most importantly some good coffee which lifts her mood within minutes.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Violet

After my second pancake and the coffee's kicked in, I feel like I owe Butch another apology, but his smiling face as he sees my mood change is enough.

I know that even if I wanted to go on about it, he wouldn't let me. But I can't help feeling awkward whenever I look at him and then look at myself.

He's like a supermodel and I'm so... *not* a supermodel. It just doesn't add up, even though I can tell he's into me physically... for whatever reason.

He looks like he's just stepped out of a magazine cover, while I'm trying to cover myself. Avoiding full sunlight and hoping this thin robe covers enough.

The thought of having spread myself open for him last night is thrilling on the one hand, but it's also making me cringe as I look over how perfect he looks in broad daylight compared to my own body.

He stops chewing long enough to study me, and I can tell he's reading my thoughts again, which must be written all over my face whenever he's around me.

"No regrets?" he asks suddenly, making me jump a little.

"I'm not sure I follow," I venture.

"About getting physical with an older guy," he says, matter of fact.

I try to stifle my scoffing laugh, "Uh, No!" I tell him, blushing at the thrilling memory of his mouth over me from last night, making me shiver on the spot as I relive his touch in my mind.

"And I have none about you either, Violet, so there's no need to beat yourself up just for being you. I won't tell myself I'm a wrinkly old man if you don't call yourself whatever it is you think you are that's so terrible, deal?" he asks me firmly and I nod, shuddering a breath of relief.

"Now," he pauses. "Open that robe a little so I can see more of you while I eat, and for god's sake come over here and let me kiss you," he demands.

I feel the welcome rush of blood to my cheeks, matched by the tingling buzz between my legs as his eyes burn into mine again, reigniting everything I felt not just last night, but all day yesterday since meeting him.

I've been acting like a spoiled child, assuming the worst and telling Butch how he's thinking which as it turns out, isn't how it is at all.

With my heart fluttering in my stiffening chest, I scurry over to him, pecking his lips, then yelping as his huge hands are up my robe, pulling all my weight onto him as he kisses me deeply. Passionately. Completely.

“Sorry for being a drag,” I say, feeling his stubble tickle my neck as I whisper into his ear.

His huge hands shamelessly sliding my robe open, cupping my chest and tweaking both my nipples.

“Apology accepted,” he growls, “but you don’t ever have to say sorry to me, Violet.”

If I’d have known how much his touch helps me, I would’ve leapt into his arms as soon as I opened my eyes.

The whole world vanishes when Butch has his hands on me, making me feel like I’m his queen and he’s the king of everything that’s strong, powerful and handsome.

He sits me on his lap, and I feel him spring to life behind me, pressing up against my back as he feeds me bacon and pancakes until I really can’t fit another bite.

Well... maybe one more thing... maybe.

I know Butch isn’t pressuring me, but I wonder how long before I’ll yield to him if he keeps this up.

Not very long.

Our interest in food is soon taken over by something else, and I surprise myself again by opening my legs as I sit on Butch’s knees, his hands running up the inside of my thighs just enough to drive me wild without actually touching me where I need him most.

His thick fingers trace lines right up to the edge of my throbbing pussy, before they tease their way back down the inside of both my legs.

My head is thrown back and my arms slide back to hold his strong neck for support.

Within seconds it's gone from playtime to me needing him to finish what he's started, and fast.

I whimper his name, breathless already and writhing on his knees with my legs wide open as his whole hand cups my instantly wet mound, making me moan loudly as one of his fingers teases my entrance.

Forgetting everything we've said this morning and erasing the fear from yesterday morning, I know I want Butch now more than ever. His hands are like magic, each finger a spell and all working me into a frenzy that has only one end.

I need him. I want him to claim me. To make me his.

"Now?" he growls, two of his fingers splaying my pussy lips wide open as his other hand massages my clit, drawing a long and low moan from me, my head nodding furiously.

"Butch," I gasp, "I need you to take me... please."

The urgency in my voice startles him, but only for a moment. I feel his eyes moving to the bedroom, but there's no time for that. It's now. I want him inside me right this instant.

"I wanted it to be special," he says, gripping my hips as I push back onto his hot manhood, lifting my ass as I try to get it closer to where I want it most.

"This is special," I purr, making another whimpering sound, begging him to fuck me as I swear under my breath, unsure how it's possible to even feel this horny without exploding.

Butch's hands slide the robe from my shoulders and he squeezes both my breasts as he bites my neck gently, ordering me to stand.

My legs are shaking so badly they can barely hold me, but Butch guides my hands out to the counter in front of me,

then gripping me by the waist as I feel his cock prodding my pussy from behind, making me gasp again and swear loudly.

I've never sworn in my life and Butch responds by teasing my hole with the throbbing tip of his cock, circling my wetness, demanding me to tell him what I want.

"I want you to fuck me Butch. I want you to claim me. I'm yours Butch... give it all to me and fuck me," I whimper, hardly able to speak as my hands grip the sides of the counter, my ass lifting as I stand on the balls of my feet, opening my legs wider for him.

He growls, his huge warm hands running over me, and his thick fat cock pressing against my virgin hole, I use one hand to grip him as I slowly start to guide him inside me.

"You're tight Violet," Butch groans, and I can feel his body tensing through the pressure of his fingers as he grips my hips, steadying his hardness as I slide back onto him for the very first time.

I turn my head, wanting to see his face. He looks at me, holding my eyes with his as mine widen, unsure of how he's actually going to fit all that inside me, but dying to find out if it keeps feeling this good.

"Tell me you want it," he says again firmly, "tell me you want this."

I can only nod and gasp as I try and say something, trying to scream yes. His hands grip my hips tight and I feel all of him thrust into me, piercing the pent up desires and excitement I've held back for a lifetime.

We both moan loudly, the feeling of instant relief is matched with a perfect fit. His key in my lock and a new pleasure, a wonderful pressure deep inside me that instantly makes me

want to start thrusting back and forth on Butch as he grips me from behind.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Butch

Those hips... that ass. It's perfection as I watch her from behind as I feel myself finally entering her, her need was so sudden, so great. But I want to look her in the eyes as I fill her with our future children, with our family.

I was frightened I wouldn't last two seconds, she's so perfect, but once we're locked together, it's like a new energy takes over us and Violet takes me inside her like a duck to water.

I feel her whole body trembling, unable to keep standing as her first climax approaches, and I press my thighs between hers, holding her up with my body and using her hips to pound her against me as hard as she likes.

Finding someone who 'fits' me perfectly, who can take all I have to give and deliver plenty back is heaven. I know she's the one and I want her to know nothing but pleasure like this every day from now on.

"Butch..." she stammers. I know she's close, but also wants me looking at her when she comes, I pull out just long

enough for me to turn her around, hoisting her up onto the counter by her hips, and have her legs wrap around me, pulling me straight back into her as we both moan at the newly familiar pleasure of each other's body.

She purrs and I growl, like two wild animals, we're in the woods and doing what nature intended.

I draw her as close as I can, with her sitting up so her chest bounces against mine with each thrust.

"Tell me you want it," I growl, "Tell me to come inside you."

I feel her tightening up and although I want to get her to the bedroom, she gives me a commanding look.

"I want you to... I need..." she pants, her whole body heaving as she holds back just long enough to speak before she falls over the edge.

"I love you Butch," she whimpers, her body tensing as she starts to shudder in my arms, it's too much for me as I hear her say what I've been dying to hear.

My own release is sudden, powerful and deep inside her as the sounds of her breathing, the echoes of her rasping voice telling me she loves me washes through my mind.

Looking into each other's eyes, we both feel something more than just waves of pleasure. Something else has happened, and we both know it. I feel something else, another part of myself joining with her, making something feel extra special at that moment.

"Did you feel that?" I ask her, once we both get our breath back, her head nods as her eyes shine. The smile on her face telling me she felt it too.

"You're mine now, Violet," I growl and she squeezes me tight.

“Yes we are,” she murmurs cryptically and I lose myself in our kiss.

It’s not the most comfortable place to rest, and after a short time, I scoop Violet up and carry her back to our bed.

Laying her down, I climb in next to her and play big spoon while she purrs with satisfaction.

“What about the dishes?” she asks and I pretend not to hear her.

“I know a guy who can deal with that, later,” I tell her, nuzzling into her neck.

I know she just got up, but any professional worth their salt would recommend bed rest for someone who had the day Violet did yesterday, and I don’t think she’s likely to complain if I detain her for the rest of today, confining her to the bedroom only.

Lying there with her, feeling her warmth pressing up against me, I finally feel like I can relax. The tension of the past few days dissolves, along with my consciousness as a full day and night without sleep finally catches up with me.

My hands grasping at the empty space next to me startle me awake, fully alert and out of the bed in a second.

She’s gone.

My heart is in my throat and before I can even reprimand myself for being so stupid as to fall asleep, I hear the chink and clatter of dishes from the kitchen.

I reach for my Glock, and remember, seeing it on the carpet still by the bed.

Shaking my head to myself, I wonder if I've done anything right the past twenty-four hours.

Yeah. You did one thing right, the only thing that matters.

I swiftly pick up the gun and keeping it low, out of sight, I peep around the door jamb. I expect to see Violet doing the dishes but still breathe a heavy sigh of relief when I see her.

It could've been.

But it isn't.

"Good morning!" Violet chimes cheerfully even though I can see it's later than that by the light outside. I smell fresh coffee and something else I can't place. She's tidied up the whole kitchen area and makes me see the value in that apron I bought but never wear.

"You look great," I say, shivering a little as I become aware of my own nakedness.

"You don't look too shabby yourself," she says, eyeing me dreamily, her eyes widening when she sees the gun.

"I have nowhere to holster it," I tell her, getting a smile but I know it reminds her, reminds us both that there's still danger even if we're miles away from it.

I retreat to the bedroom long enough to put a robe on, feeling safe enough to leave the Glock on the dresser, for now.

When I shower and get dressed, I'll holster up. Do a better job today than yesterday... got a little distracted.

Moving back into the kitchen, I can see Violet's face has changed, she's looking worried again.

"I put the gun away," I say, but it's something else.

“What happens when this is over?” she asks me point blank, “If I make it through this trial.. what then, with us?” she asks, and I have her in my arms in two steps.

“After ‘then,’” I say, “You’ll be safe and we won’t have to hide out in any mountains,” I tell her truthfully.

“I mean...” she starts to say, and I know what she wants to ask. My kiss silences her, and I know it doesn’t answer her question a hundred percent, but I want to focus on getting us through this week, the trial before I think about what’s best for us long term.

Even though I know what I want, what I’ll get, I don’t want to pressure her. I don’t want Violet to feel rushed into anything. It’s hard enough on her as it is.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Violet

I know I sound needy, and clingy, but I really do love Butch. I want more than just a fling while he does his job. I want him, forever, like I've promised myself to him.

He kisses me so tenderly, so deeply that it almost threatens to undo all the housework I've just done, the most I've ever done it feels like.

"Just know that I'll protect you, now and always," he says confidently, putting both my mind and my heart at ease, even though it's doing somersaults when I think about him and me, forever... always.

It's something I never thought I'd get to hear myself say let alone experience. It's one of those things that always seems to happen to other people. People in movies or on TV.

But now it's happened to me, and boy is there a price attached though.

I push all thoughts of the trial, of that horrible Garcia man to the back of my mind, soaking up Butch instead, looking

at him as he stretches out that huge robe with his muscles. I couldn't feel safer or more content now, knowing he's the real deal and not just a label.

"I thought we could go for a walk," I suggest, "It's not too late."

But Butch's face darkens, he doesn't even look out the window.

"Violet... I didn't go over so many things like I should've yesterday," he says, lowering his eyes for a moment and making me blush again at the memory.

"But, it's called a safe house for a reason, we can't just go walking around the woods. It defeats the purpose, it could compromise your-" but I don't let him finish, my mouth's running before my brain again.

"So I'm a prisoner here? Just like at the police station. I may as well be captured by those thugs, Butch, it feels like I've had my life taken away in a single day... I can't even go for a damned walk in the woods? We're miles from anywhere, you said so yourself."

My voice is getting higher and I can see Butch's hands, palms up as he motions for me to calm down.

"Alright, alright!" he says loudly, trying to speak over me, shaking his head as his lip curls in mixed amusement and frustration.

"We *could* step outside, but just for a moment or two, to get some air... I need to check the generator anyway," he muses to himself.

I've never been one to nag, or maybe just never had the audience. Butch seems tolerant but I can tell already I'm

walking that thin line between want, need and a little bit of spoiled brat again.

“I’ll need to shower and change,” he continues, as if he’s debating something within himself.

“I’ll wait,” I chime and he rolls his eyes, screwing his face up and holding his hands up to the heavens.

“You’re supposed to be doing what you’re told,” he reminds me, and I bite down on the urge to tease him with the fact we’ve both broken more than just rules.

I can read Butch’s face as he studies me, half-smiling to himself.

“You’ve risked everything for this, for me. Haven’t you?” I ask him, not expecting him to answer.

“I have,” he says straight away, “and I’d do it all exactly the same if I had to do it again.”

“We don’t have to go outside then,” I offer, wanting to be more obedient for him, considering everything he’s done so far. More than I’m even aware of too, I’m sure.

“If my girl wants to go for a walk outside, we’ll go,” he says defiantly, sounding more like me than himself. I open my mouth in protest now, trying to find a way to get out of it, but Butch’s mind is made up.

“What’s a few minutes out front gonna hurt?” he reasons, “Just lemme go take a look around, just to be sure things are the same as we left them yesterday, I’ll be back in a minute.”

I feel suddenly uneasy, like something’s not right.

“Butch,” I call out as he strides towards the door, my voice quavering and making him look around.

“It’s alright,” he says, smirking. “I’ve gone and got you all nervous is all. I’ll be right back, then I’ll get changed and we can go out for a bit. Okay?”

I can’t argue with him, he’s got his hand on the door’s thick steel handle, his winning smile and confidently intense look make me feel like he really is invincible.

“Sure,” I breathe, noticing how much I’m shaking as he lets himself out, the electronic lock snapping loudly into place as he pulls the heavy door closed.

I become instantly aware of how soundproof, probably everything-proof the whole cabin is. The short burst of sounds from the outside is replaced with a chilling silence.

I feel suddenly frightened without Butch, even though he’s only just stepped outside.

I try to tell myself it’s nothing; that he’ll be back like he said, any minute.

But something’s wrong, I can feel it.

I wring my hands where I stand, shifting from one foot to the other as I try to decide what to do.

Waiting doesn’t work, and after a good solid minute, no Butch.

He told you to stay put. He wouldn’t want you to go outside alone... would he?

Hearing my own groans of frustration, I watch the door getting closer, telling myself ‘no.’

I watch my hand on the steel handle.

What the fuck are you doing?

Opening the door from the inside is easy, and I remember what Butch said about locking myself out, so I only poke my head out, calling softly, then louder for him.

Nothing.

“Butch?” I finally call loudly, starting to feel more scared by the second, wanting him now more than ever for a different reason.

I can’t stand it. Using a small log from the woodpile by the door, I prop the door open. I tell myself it’s only so I can go see if he’s alright, even though I have no idea where he even is.

His truck is in the same spot, the woods look the same but something’s different.

Something’s wrong.

I get three feet then decide no, I’m going back. Butch told me to stay put and I should listen to him. I should do what I’m told for once.

Spinning on my heel, I see a huge chest in front of me, bumping into me and I look up smiling.

The semi-toothless grin of someone who looks awfully familiar is smiling back and I feel my mouth opening in a silent scream before his huge hand grips me by the throat.

Whoever he is, he’s strong and I’m spun around, shielding his front before I know it as he drags me backwards towards the open door of the cabin.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

B_{utch}

Pulling the heavy door closed, I feel safe when I know I'm outside and the electronic lock clicks, keeping Violet inside, just for now.

It's totally off the charts to go outside when watching someone, but she has a point.

No one knows we're here. I'm confident we weren't followed, plus, she's my woman now and if she wants to go for a walk outside with me, she can.

But I have a horrible itching sensation in my guts, something doesn't feel right.

It's just you being overprotective. I tell myself, reasoning I do need to check that generator and a scout around outside by myself is safe enough.

Once I see there's no danger, we can go for a little walk.

Easy.

It only takes a few steps for me to remember I'm in a flimsy robe, unarmed and not even wearing anything on my feet.

Not my standard kit for any job, even when I'm home alone.

But, Violet's done something. She's made me feel relaxed and at ease for the first time since I can remember. Life's not always about huge men with guns hiding behind trees and ducking between every shadow to come get me, is it?

No, it isn't.

It shouldn't be anyway.

I make my way around the side of the cabin, the everyday generator is in a small basement which isn't locked. The emergency power, and everything important is built under the cabin, inaccessible from the outside.

A regular generator outside helps make the place look normal, inconspicuous.

The fuel is good and so is the oil. Nothing to do here, everything is in order.

I shudder at the sudden chill I feel, then register my gut again.

Something isn't right.

I make my way back around the front, scanning the woods again, I notice a fresh set of footprints by my truck. Big feet, too.

But it's too late.

The itch in my guts shoots up into my throat. A sickening feeling that I stifle as my mouth opens in a dry croak.

Turning to I see him in the front doorway, holding it open with his big foot, a log used to prop it open rolling away

from him.

Then I focus on what I don't want to believe I'm seeing.

Violet.

He has his hand around her throat, holding her nice and tight. Close to him as well, which makes me growl like a wild animal.

The sheen of the pistol's barrel against her temple slows me down, stops me from launching myself at him.

"Stupid move, agent Brooks."

I don't recognize the voice, but his face is familiar.

"Now I have something to trade my brother for. One more stupid thing and she's dead."

My eyes go to Violet's. She looks calm enough but only because she assumes I can stop this from happening.

She's waiting for me to save the day.

Waiting for me to do my job and I can't.

I can't risk a hair on her head getting hurt at the hands of this prick, which I vow to personally take care of as soon as I'm able to.

"Cold out," the shithead sneers, and blowing me a kiss he drags Violet back into the doorway some more, daring me with his eyes to take a step as he cocks his gun.

He opens his gloved hand around Violet's neck, tossing out the small black object I know must've led him to me.

"My boy, while you were watching our man at the end of her street, we put this on your truck so all we had to do was follow you."

I curse myself for being so casual about all this. I didn't follow procedure from the moment I saw Violet's picture and now I'm paying the price.

"A rookie mistake, Butch," he spits out.

Benito Garcia. It's him alright. The scar on his right cheek brings it all back to me. Never met any of them in person, but I did some research on the family before I took the case.

Before I vowed to protect her. The oath I swore not only to myself and to the state, but to her.

My god, what have I let happen?

Violet's coolness evaporates and I hear her whimpering with fear.

"Butch... don't do what he says..." She stammers suddenly, "Just get him... don't worry about-"

But the huge leather gloved hand covers her mouth. I can't take watching this, but I need to maintain eye contact with Violet, broadcasting my intention to make sure she walks away from all this and this other fuck leaves in a plastic bag.

I stand helpless as he drags her all the way back. My eyes clamping shut as I hear the door close, the click of the electronic lock sealing both of them inside the cabin.

I could rush forward and open the door, I have the keycard in my robe pocket and can open it up anytime I like, but I know what this man is capable of and he's not fooling around when he says he'll hurt Violet.

I know he will whether I open the door or not. But I won't have her blood on my hands as well as this sick feeling, this terrible knowledge that I could have prevented all of this if I'd just followed procedure, if I just hadn't followed my heart instead of my head.

But then you wouldn't have Violet.

I might not have her for much longer either way unless I think fast and try to figure a way out of this mess.

I have no idea how many more of Garcia's goons are here either, there could be twenty in the cabin by now.

I don't even feel anything anymore as I kick the ground in front of me.

Everything I need, anything of use is inside that cabin, along with the one I'm sworn to protect.

Worse than that, she's alone in there with that monster. I designed the place to be impenetrable. I can't get in without alerting the man with the gun, as well as anybody else who's waiting in there to surprise me.

The thought drives me insane with rage, grief and a new feeling I don't ever want to feel again.

Helplessness.

I close my eyes again, letting my mind go to Violet. Telling her to keep calm, to do whatever that sleaze says and not to fight him.

I'll do that myself.

But how?

I growl again, until I remember just who *he's* stuck in there with.

Violet's not stupid and she's got plenty of fire in her. I can feel her mind connecting with mine, with my understanding of her, knowing that together we can somehow get through this, get closer to the life we both know we want.

The life inside her I know she's carrying now and how much
it's worth fighting for.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Violet

This asshole's just made the biggest mistake of his soon to be short life, I know it. But until Butch can get a hand to him, I can't help but feel helpless.

Helpless and stupid.

I had to open the door didn't I? I had to go and do exactly what I was told not to.

He had to have been waiting. Had to have somehow known it was only a matter of time before one of us stepped outside.

But why did I have to open the door? I should've just stayed put.

There's no way Butch would've let this guy inside, now here he is running the whole show. And worse than that, I'm stuck in here with him.

Oh, Butch. I'm so sorry.

Looking into his eyes as this monster drags me inside, I can tell how hard he's taking it. Blaming himself. But it's all my fault, Butch. Mine!

I don't struggle though. It's useless. This maniac is serious about one thing and that's keeping that gun pointed at me, which scares me half to death.

His huge hands loosen only a little once the cabin door closes, only enough to turn me around so I face him, forcing me close to him which makes me feel sick.

"Looks like you two got pretty cozy in here, huh?" he leers, and I struggle only to keep my robe from flying open as his shifty eyes start to pan down, hoping for a peek of some of what Butch has been getting.

But I won't let him.

Not ever.

The ogre of a man grunts to himself, pushing me away from him but keeping the gun trained on me where I can see it.

"Names Benito... you can call me Ben," he informs me, and I look to the door, biting my lip as I try to calculate.

"Go ahead," Benito says. "Give me a reason to shoot you in the back. It would give me and my family great pleasure to know that prick Brooks has lost his little fuck toy... Although, you're not too little are you?" he sneers, his eyes narrowing as they travel up and down me again, making me feel worse in an instant.

"Who knew? He likes his pussy nice and fat, eh?" he continues, chuckling to himself, noticing the effect his words have, deliberately playing on it.

I feel my own eyes narrow. My hand absently holding my belly, I suddenly feel Butch more than ever, the connection

we made, it's more than just physical. I know somehow, we'll get through this and once we do, this guy will be eating not just his words.

I decide it's best not to taunt him. I'll play along and keep my head down, that's what Butch would want me to do I'm sure of it.

"Move. Over there, by the window," he orders, putting himself between me and the front door suddenly. Not wanting to even chance having to follow through on his threat and making me realize he might just be all talk.

He does what Butch did when he first got here, he pokes his head in all the unlocked rooms, asking me what's behind the locked doors, to which I can only shrug.

"I really don't know, honest," I tell him truthfully, making him laugh again as he mimics my voice.

"I don't know... honest," he chimes in a mock falsetto, clutching his chest and batting his eyes.

"I know it's just you and me in here, so who cares?" he snarls, losing his good humor seeming to be searching for something as he looks around while trying to keep both eyes and his gun on me at the same time.

Butch had a gun.

I can tell Benito is thinking, he stops in front of me as he passes by, taking a step back then looking at the door again. His eyes move to the open bedroom door and my heart starts to thump as I watch his face contort into a fiendish grin.

His eyes go to my chest and then trace down, making me feel sick.

“The chair... in there...” he barks, jutting his chin towards the bedroom, “Get it and put it by the front door.”

After waiting a few seconds, he waves the gun in my face and I hear the fear escaping me as I whimper, scurrying to do what he wants.

There’s a lightweight chair by the dresser, almost like a dining chair, which I pick up.

Benito watches me but doesn’t see what else I manage to pick up, half of my body hidden by the doorway of the bedroom.

“C’mon, c’mon... just bring the fucking chair, nobody’s gonna hurt you,” he shouts, his voice echoing like steel off the solid walls as I remember how soundproof this whole place is. I could scream my head off and nobody would hear me.

Not even Butch.

“Put it there, no, no! There! That’s it, now, *siddown!*”

I hesitate for a moment, managing to sit awkwardly as he looks away for a moment, fishing in his jacket pockets for what he couldn’t find in the cabin.

Some kind of rope or cord to tie me with.

Isn’t this a little cliché?

Do crooks really do this in real life?

Reading my mind, Benito spells it out. “I tie you to this chair... then I tie another line to the front door, the other end of that on the trigger of this gun. When he opens the door, which I’m sure he’s likely to do at any moment. Boom! Your hero boyfriend will be the one to kill you, not me,” he says proudly.

“How clever,” I murmur, noting his glare of disapproval, checking his watch as he works, as if he’s on some kind of schedule.

It’s now or never. I figure, as Benito sets his own gun down, only for a second as he reaches both ends of the cord around me to tie me to the chair.

The click of the hammer cocking on the Glock in both my hands makes Benito look up suddenly.

My brow cocks next and I press the barrel hard into his groin.

“Benito, this is Glock. Glock, Benito,” I introduce them both. A bead of cold sweat forms on his brow and his eyes grow wide.

“H-how?” he stutters, swallowing hard. I can tell his eyes can’t focus so close and they cross slightly.

“Not telling,” I say, trying to keep my voice even but already feeling like I’m losing my nerve.

Let’s just say I found a place where a few hard, smooth things fit lately... It’s alright Butch.

I never thought I’d get this far so quickly and unfortunately for me, I don’t actually have a plan.

I have no idea what I’m doing and I think Benito cottons on that fact pretty quickly.

I can’t take my eyes off him to close my own, but I send Butch a message with my mind, with all my heart and anything else that I can feel, willing him to open that door now and come rescue me.

Benito’s breathing, wheezing reminds of the passage of time.

No Butch.

Nothing's happening.

"You won't shoot," Benito sneers, "You don't have the guts, fatty." And although he might not hear me, I have to at least try and send Butch a more direct signal.

"Oh, really?" I ask Benito, letting my finger squeeze the trigger as I wince, finally letting my eyes shut as the echoing blast becomes a high pitched ringing in my ears.

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

Butch

I could try and smash my way into my truck, radio for back up.

But the truck, like the cabin, isn't designed to be so easily opened. And any backup is hours away.

No.

I have to get in there, there's nothing else for it especially if it means bringing that piece of shit a step closer to what I have saved specially for him.

Every angle I try and take it from, it's always the same answer, the only solution.

I have to go in through the front, and neutralize Benito, it's as simple as that.

If it were anybody but Violet inside, that's exactly what I would've done already, but like so much of the protocol I've broken already, both the sides of my heart she fills up now, make me so hesitant to risk her getting hurt.

Hurting our family before it's even started.

She's not going anywhere I reason, so I position myself right by the front door until I know I'm ready to go in, out of view of the peephole but my hand at the ready with the key card, my eyeball ready to scan.

My breathing is shallow and I strain to hear even the slightest sound from inside, but the breeze in the woods, the few forest sounds at this time of day, combined with my heart pounding in my ears seems to block any chance of hearing a thing.

I'm not the praying type, but I close my eyes long enough not to make a deal, but to focus. Focusing on Violet and knowing we can make it through this.

I stand waiting for what feels like forever, so tense I ache but it's nothing compared to the pain in my heart, knowing she's in there and I'm out here.

C'mon, Violet... gimme a sign... something.

The pop is muted, but unmistakable. I recognize the sound of my own Glock and in less than a second, I'm inside.

Benito is sprawled on the floor in front of the door, his head taking the brunt of it as I push it open, leaving him motionless.

Violet's blue eyes have misted up and she's sitting awkwardly in a chair, her hands waving the smoking Glock, which I take by covering it with my own before I lift her and the chair straight off the ground, and into my arms.

"Just tell me he didn't hurt you, tell me you're safe," I say, my voice cracking with emotion but she hasn't the time to say a word before my mouth is on hers. Her warm, wet

mouth telling me she's mine. Telling me she's safe again, and mine telling her I'll never let her go again.

Not ever, not even for a minute.

I shake my head when she does speak, once she can after I've kissed a lifetime's worth into her.

"I'm sorry, Butch. I opened the door... I'm sorry."

I put my finger to her lips, slipping her free from that chair and holding her to me properly.

"No, don't you ever apologize baby. Don't you ever say sorry to me. You're mine again, that's all that matters."

Taking her by the elbows, I ask her firmly if he hurt her, if he even touched her. She shakes her head in the negative, but I want to be sure, I need to know.

"Tell me!" I demand, frantic.

"No! Butch... No! He didn't," she cries. Her sobs are muted as she buries her face in my chest. My hands on her head, on her back, any place I can hold her closer to me.

"I really shot him," she stammers, and I feel her whole body starting to tremble as she feels like she's right back where she started when all this began.

I glance over at Benito, he's got a nasty bump on his head and a hole in his pants, but no blood.

"I think you missed, baby," I tell her, Benito looking like he won't be getting up any time soon.

"I'm proud of you though," I tell her, wiping her tears away with my thumbs as I hold her sweet face in my hands before I kiss her again.

"Because I shot a man?" she asks.

“Because you did what you felt you had to, to tell me it was time to come rescue you,” I try to say it with a serious face, until we both laugh softly, Violet punching me lightly in the ribs.

“You did though,” she says, suddenly serious, “You saved me... Saved us,” she says, looking down at her belly and hugs me tight.

“My hero,” she sighs, and we both become aware of the low thumping sound of a chopper, closely followed by the skidding gravel outside, flashing lights and the static crackle of radios as the backup I never asked for seems to start arriving.

“Butch?” A voice calls out, hesitant but firm.

“In here, Briggs, watch your step though.

Briggs’s a big guy, and a little clumsy sometimes. Unfortunately for Benito, he gets his head trodden on as Briggs makes his way in, holstering his gun as soon as he sees I’m alright.

“Get that piece of shit off my rug, will ya, Briggs?” I tell him, then ask, “What took you so long? I don’t actually recall asking for any help so far, y’know?” I growl, smirking as Briggs looks at his feet, then at Benito’s ugly head.

“One of ours noticed a kid hanging around your truck.. once we matched the location to the one we had on Benito’s van, we put two and two together.”

“It’s supposed to be a secret location,” I growl again, mainly to myself.

“Sorry Boss. We did let you have one night,” he starts to say before looking away, flushed.

I realize too, that I'm standing with the woman I'm hired to protect, both of us half naked in robes in my mountain cabin's living room.

Not a good look.

Briggs holds his thick arms out, blocking the cops who are clamoring to get in, giving Violet and me just enough time to go into the bedroom and get ourselves, me at least, a little more decent.

Professional looking.

"And why aren't you at the pet store?" I ask Briggs, looking as mean as I can again, reminding him who's boss. He gulps, but then smiles once he realizes he's safe.

"It's Saturday, boss. Day off!"

"Just as well," I caution him, but I can hear Violet behind me piping in.

"What about the pet store?" she asks, poking me in the back and I turn to see her smile, telling me she's put two and two together.

I only shoot her a wink in reply as she mouths the words 'thank you' to me.

Next to 'sorry', 'thank you' is something else she never has to say to me.

Not ever.

If anything, it's me who's thankful for everything so far, thankful she's safe again and sorry I let her out of my sight for even one minute.

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

Violet

I don't think I've ever changed back into regular clothes so fast, and I know Butch won't let me out of his sight ever again, he doesn't need to tell me that much.

It looks like the whole forest is filled with police, the early evening filled with strobing blue and red lights, the helicopter overhead somehow making me feel more nervous than safe.

But with Butch in view, I do feel safe again and I know I don't want to be out of his sight ever again either.

Some paramedics complete the round as the cabin is filled to capacity, with Benito pronounced unconscious and definitely un-shot, meaning my own efforts did indeed miss him and only alerted Butch to his window of opportunity to come and save the day.

"He's got a nasty head wound, but he should pull through," the medic announces as they haul his handcuffed body out to the waiting ambulance.

"Pity," Butch growls, his face twisting as he watches.

"That... makes the whole family," Cal announces, beaming with pride and chancing a slap on Butch's back, which he instantly regrets, Butch snarling in his direction.

"What do you mean?"

"Since we figured Benito was out for you, and our star witness here, we rounded up the whole Garcia tribe, even great grandpa Garcia who took a shot at one of our finest, earning him a seat in his own upcoming trial. The rest are being held in custody until the trial's over, with most of them having outstanding warrants, they're not going to be the powerhouse of crime they once were just a few days ago."

"So, the trial's still going ahead? Do I still have to be a witness?" I ask, hoping it all means I'm off the hook, from the trial at least.

Cal looks to Butch, who seems to be getting more irritable by the minute, "Well? You're telling the damned story, does she have to go to the trial or not?"

Cal flushes, "Uh... yeah. Eduardo's trial is still next week.. you've been subpoenaed and...still have to go," he says, looking sheepish.

"*But* you're still under *my* protective custody," Butch adds in his deepest, most authoritative tone, which sends shivers up my spine, knowing exactly what he means now by *protective custody* as my eyes stray past him, back to the bedroom, making me grin to myself.

"That's right," Cal echoes, "She's all yours... Err... I mean," he stammers, making Butch laugh, finally cheering him up from his grumpy mood, having half the police force trekking forest through his cabin.

Butch and I wait patiently, staring at Cal and the throng of police until word reaches us that all's clear.

"Nobody and nothing for miles, Sir!" Briggs reports happily to Butch, who only nods his head slowly, looking from the muddy footprints on his rugs to the faces of the stragglers.

"So what the fuck are you all doing here then?" he asks, his voice getting louder and meaner, making them all suddenly scurry for the open door.

"Holler if you need us, Boss," Cal calls over his shoulder, herding Briggs and the rest of the cop out of the cabin, closing the door behind him and finally giving us some peace and quiet as we hear the click of the lock.

"Now," he says, both his hands on me as soon as the door closes, "I want *you* to be joined to *me* for the rest of the week, D'ya hear me?"

My head is nodding with enthusiasm, and the blood is already rushing to the parts of my body I know Butch wants to protect next.

It only takes seconds for us both to be out of the clothes we only just recently rushed to put on, and I feel different somehow now. Like there's nothing to be shy or defensive about between Butch and me anymore.

We've connected on so many levels in just one day. I actually feel turned on by the look in his eyes at my nakedness.

The flashing lights reflecting off everything outside gradually disappear and Butch picks me up, despite my best efforts to have him take me again there and then on the spot, carrying me to his bed.

To our bed.

He lays me down, and there's no need for me to beg him to take me. There's no need for him to tell me what he wants. We're two of a kind now, the same inside, joined as one.

His kiss feels like our first kiss, and I still feel the same nervous thrill at touching his rock hard naked body as I did earlier, but just in a different way.

I'm not the shy, insecure and doubtful girl I was yesterday. I feel the thrill, the sensual delight of knowing I've found my man. That he belongs to me and I to him. His woman now.

He kisses each of my breasts, then working his way down to where I know he wants to start, he lays down the law, spreading me with a fresh kiss until his mouth is covering my aching mound again, where it belongs.

"No walks. No opening the front door. No going to the next room without me. No taking showers without me."

I lose count of how many times he pleasures me, and of how many times I feel him come deep inside me. How many times he tells me he loves me and how many times I try to show him how much more I love him.

It's not until sunrise that we both feel we've proved our point, that we've spent ourselves on the two most deserving people we know, each other.

It's the purple-gray light of dawn that greets us both as we finally lay in each other's arms, exhausted but oh so content.

"We have a whole week?" I ask, wondering if I can keep up with Butch. His hardness pressing into my back as he spoons me which answers at least one of my questions.

"Five days," he growls.

“And after that?” I ask him again, but not feeling desperate anymore, just wanting to hear him say it, wanting him to remind me. To pinch me and tell me I’m not dreaming any of this.

“Then every day after that,” he whispers into my ear, biting my lobe gently before he kisses my neck and we both fall into the perfect, dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

LATER THAT WEEK

Butch

The district attorney's prosecutor quizzes me once we go in, having studied me carefully as I delivered his key witness.

"Are you sure she's alright?" he asks, I growl to myself, watching her apple bottom ass saunter before she takes a seat.

"What do you mean?" I ask absently.

"She's different... walking funny," he says suspiciously, making me grin.

"Oh, it's probably all that mountain air, hiking and the like," I tell him, but he's not buying it.

"I heard there was an incident, you were attacked by Garcia's brother?"

I nod slowly, still watching her, my low tone at the memory making the prosecution shift in his seat nervously. "He stopped by, he left on a stretcher."

“Well. As long as she can still answer the questions we went over... as long as she feels safe enough to-”

I raise my hand, my eyes meeting hers and I feel better for it. She’s only across the room but it’s still too far.

“She feels safe, you’ll have all the testimony you need to put Garcia and his family away for good,” I tell him.

Violet and I decided to keep our physical feelings, our relationship under wraps in public, for the duration of the trial, and it’s already proving harder than either of us imagined.

I’m proud of her for sticking to her resolve to testify, but damn. If that suit she’s wearing isn’t the sexiest fucking thing I’ve ever seen.

She might have warned me she was wearing that today. I can hardly focus and my own suit pants are stretched tight at the front, a large sticky patch forming.

“Mr. Brooks... Butch,” the prosecutor hisses in my ear as I nod absently, my eyes only on one thing.

“Is anything going on, between you and my witness? I mean, you didn’t...? After all you were alone in those woods for almost a week.”

I turn to face him suddenly, frowning.

“I’m not sure I follow you,” I deadpan.

“Mr. Brooks, it would appear to me that there may have been a degree of... of *impropriety* between yourself and Ms. Campbell,” he spits out.

“Me? And her? I resent the suggestion, Sir. An older man and one in my position?” I hear myself saying loudly, loud enough so most heads in the courtroom turn to face us,

Violet covering her mouth as she stifles a smile I know is meant for me.

“She is *different*, is all I’m saying,” he hisses again, standing up and crossing the room to go over and begin his lengthy round of questions.

Before he gets too far, my hand’s iron grip is on his arm, pulling his whole body back down to where I can see his face, eye to eye.

Man to man.

“I hear those three agents Garcia shot were all wearing vests. We were told they were all killed.”

The prosecutor clears his throat, “Like Violet, they were all put into protective custody, their testimony will be given at a later date,” he stammers, shifting his eyes from mine, flushing a deep red.

“If I find out you put Violet in any danger deliberately, unnecessarily or if Garcia walks... I’m coming for *you*... got it? Garcia’s money and reach stretches far, but my arm is stronger, just remember that,” I growl low enough so only he can hear me before I let go of his arm.

Garcia, at the request of the prosecution is appearing via video link only, and the court is closed to the public over security concerns. I’m still in charge of Violet’s personal security to and from the trial, and I make sure I’m within spitting distance the whole time she’s there too.

There’s hours of questions, even more hours, each day of the defense's cross-examination, as they try and shoot holes in Violet’s testimony.

But she keeps looking over to me and I keep telling her with my eyes how proud I am of her, how much I love her and

how we can be free of all this as soon as it's over.

After about a week of this, we get concerned. The jury's dismissed, with reports in the media that they've been had by the Garcia's somehow, or that there's even one or two of them on the damned jury.

A new judge is brought in, and it takes less than half a day of going over the case again before he's made his mind up.

Eduardo Garcia is found guilty, sentenced to three consecutive life sentences without parole.

We should be cheering, but neither Violet nor I are happy until we hear that Benito, their father and most of the rest of the Garcia family are sent to prison as well. One by one, their cases are heard and one by one they're either incarcerated, or flee the country, back to wherever it is they came from in the first place.

Its weeks before Violet can breathe easy, but she's finally relieved of her legal obligations as a witness and her term of protection from me is officially lifted.

She's been staying at an apartment in the city, a safe house we have there as well. I've been guarding her closely, twenty-four seven.

Guarding her constantly, tenderly, every night and every morning.

With no trial tomorrow and no obligation from me to protect her, the Violet I met a few weeks back would be worried, frightened even.

But not today.

"So, do you have any plans now that the trial is over?" I ask her, trying to sound serious as I let us both in, leaning

against the door to close it before drawing the bolt and chain.

Violet's already shimmying out of her suit pants, unhooking her bra through her blouse, eyeing my cock as it springs to attention, craving her like never before after watching her all day.

"Oh, I dunno... I might have to stay here for a bit," she says breezily, shaking her hair loose from her bun, ripping her blouse open, spraying me with buttons and a full view of her naked chest as both my hands reach out for it automatically.

"Just until you find your feet?" I frown, looking up in mock seriousness before starting to suck on her left nipple, making her moan and throw her head back as she kicks her heels off.

"Just until I can... find... my... feet..." she stammers between shuddering breaths.

I find her feet, and I slip off her slacks over them, pulling her legs up over my shoulders as I go down on her, ready to feast on what's rightfully mine.

"Mine," I growl and she squeals with delight as I begin another night, proving it to her all over again.

Tonight, and for every night after this one.

Forever.

EPILOGUE

ONE YEAR LATER

Violet

Its little Liam's three monthly check up, and Butch of course insists on coming along, it's the same doctor who I met at the hospital after all that Garcia business.

She's around the same age as me, but Butch won't have anyone looking at me or touching me unless he's right there.

"So..." Dr. Harper says, smiling at me and Liam, while shooting Butch a knowing look.

"I did the math... and Violet, you must've conceived with Liam right about the same time you were in protective custody," she says, sounding as though there's been some mistake.

"I know you've kept Mr. Brooks on as private security, totally understandable given the threats against you... the trial," she continues.

I'm not sure what to say, and Butch is a stone, not flinching or even moving an inch.

“What’s your point Doc?” Butch finally says gruffly, making her flush, but not with embarrassment.

“Call me Cynthia please, and cut the crap, Butch. I’m a Doctor, not a moron.”

It’s the first time I’ve seen Butch meet his match verbally and he’s actually speechless.

“I’m not judging you. I’m just trying to organize Liam’s health care profile. We just need to know who his *real* daddy and mommy are, for blood types, emergency contacts, allergies if any, all that boring but pretty important stuff,” she continues cheerfully, not flinching either as I can see Butch’s eyes hardening before he finally yields once she says the magic word.

“Confidential.”

As if anybody couldn’t tell. Little Liam, who’s actually a giant baby, is a spitting image of his daddy, and the way Butch carries on with him, it’s as plain as day for anyone to see if they’d care to look, but it’s just Butch’s way.

His ex-special agent mindset that wants everything to be some impossible puzzle that nobody can solve.

The other reason I picked Cynthia as my family doctor is she can see right through Butch and doesn’t mince her words.

Cynthia doesn’t want to pry, but Butch ends up telling her how it’s going to be.

“We’ll be married soon enough. I’m just waiting on a legal recommendation, enough time passing since Violet was in my official custody... then we’re free to do what we like... legally. We never broke the law, just bent the rules of my

own company, which is in the process of being managed by someone else," he tells her.

"Quite so," she observes, "...and anything we discuss or take down here is, like I said, confidential," she says, winking at me as Butch runs his palms down the tops of his thighs.

"Top secret," she adds, for his benefit, "And I get invited to the wedding?" she says excitedly, making Butch scowl and sniff.

"We'll see..." is all he says, so Cynthia lets it go at that. Liam is in tip top shape and so is his mommy.

Daddy is advised to watch his blood pressure and we schedule an appointment for Liam's six month visit.

"Cynthia's great, isn't she?" I tease Butch as he drives us home, looking back at me with Liam in the back seat, cocking his brow.

"She's a quack." Which is his way of agreeing with me.

"Uh... honey?" I ask, and Butch's eyes dart to mine, "What is it?" he asks, reminding me I shouldn't startle him with anything sudden after a Cynthia appointment, he's always wound up for a few hours after seeing someone who won't put up with his 'stuff'.

"What is it, baby?" he urges me at the next set of lights, his eyes a question.

"It can wait," I say, wincing and kicking myself for bringing it up in the car, I'm just so excited.

Butch's eyes won't let up and I know he'll pull over if I don't tell him.

“When you went to the bathroom before... at the doctors,” I start to say, Butch’s head is nodding and he’s already looking for somewhere to pull over, I can tell.

“Tell me, Violet. What’s going on,” he says impatiently.

“Liam’s gonna have a playmate... in about eight months’ time... Were gonna have another baby!” I blurt out, bracing for his reaction as the truck screeches to a halt.

Butch does find a spot, and in a flash, he’s parked and in the back seat with me and little Liam in his arms, laughing with joy, telling us both how happy he is, how much he loves us both.

Even how much he doesn’t mind Dr. Harper.

“I thought you might want to know,” I tell him, not even trying to stop my own tears, little Liam looking up at his Mommy and Daddy like they’ve lost their minds, but really it’s just our heart’s that have gone.

“I love you, Violet. I can’t tell you how much, what little Liam and now baby makes three mean to me... all of you... the family I never had.”

I’m wiping at my tears, sniffing as he hugs and kisses us both some more.

“What?” I hear myself asking him between sniffs, “What D’you mean, ‘the family you never had?’” I ask, confused.

“When I told you I had no one, I meant it. I’ve never had anyone, Violet. You’re the one. You and Liam, you complete me, you made the wait worth it.”

I can’t believe my ears. I know Butch told me he had nobody, but I always only took that to mean he didn’t have a partner, that he’d always been single.

“You were an orphan too? Why didn’t you tell me?” I ask, not hurt, just amazed.

“Because once I met you. Once I claimed you as mine, I knew I had more than a family. I knew I’d found my soul mates... my home... my everything”

“Oh, Butch, that’s the most beautiful thing anyone’s ever said to me. I’m the luckiest girl alive.”

“And I’m the luckiest man,” he echoes.

“The luckiest dad. The luckiest husband,” he says, wiping a tear from his own eye as we both look down, *aawwwing* as we notice little Liam’s gone to sleep.

EXTENDED EPILOGUE

TWO YEARS LATER

Butch

“Because I won’t have you cleaning out bird cages, gloves or no gloves. Not with the little ones around, now shoo, go do something else,” I tell her, taking over cleaning bird cages as well as anything else that’s had an animal touching it.

I have to put my foot down sometimes, with Violet when it comes to her handling certain things around the place.

After taking over the pet shop Violet used to work at, I had to fire Briggs from his position here so he could work the security firm with Cal. I own it, they run it and it keeps us all in pet kibble and bird seed.

We moved into the apartments upstairs, taking over the whole building and just in time too, the previous owner had a lottery win and couldn’t wait to live his dream of traveling the world, letting us have the business, building and everything in it for peanuts, almost.

It took some doing, but I even managed to retrain my brain to switch off from thinking everything was a ‘case’ and that

there was more to life than guarding everyone all the time.

I can still do all that, all day every day. It's called being a Dad. A husband and a business owner who works from home with his family by his side.

My family. Every chance I get, I say it. I'll tell customers, then I'll introduce them.

"My family!" I say, beaming with pride and every single one of them agrees as they exclaim how beautiful they all are, Violet, little Liam and baby Rose makes three plus me.

The family I never had, until fate drew us, not threw us together.

"Can you at least let me do something? The kids are down and there's a ton that needs doing... you don't have to do everything," Violet reminds me, and I look up at the clock.

"It's nearly lunchtime," I remind her, noting how empty the store is, raising my brows as I let out a low growl signaling that I'm hungry for more than lunch.

The sound of her dropping whatever she's holding gives me the signal, and within two seconds, we're closed.

"This is terrible for business," she reminds me, her words pressed out between my kisses as I hitch her skirt up, pressing my hardness right up against her through my pants and making us moan like a pair of teenagers at it for the first time.

"Baby monitor?" I ask her firmly.

"On," she replies in the affirmative, and it's a race to get out of public view as I tear at her clothes, her hands grabbing me, hurriedly freeing my cock not because we need to hurry, just because we can't wait.

Today, I'm reclaiming my woman over stacked sacks of corn feed for hens.

Yesterday we cracked a row of fish tanks, luckily empty at the time.

Tomorrow? We might even try our hand at focusing on trying to profit from running a pet shop, but for now; even after all this time, it still feels like day one.

Like our first date, not that we ever really had one, but it's like the first time I saw her every time I look into her eyes.

Every kiss is the first and each touch of her naked body against mine gives us both the same shivers as it did that very first time. That magical night that Liam was made and we both realized we really were only ever made, only ever put on this earth for one thing. One reason.

To be with each other.

Liam and Rose, perfect little angels, seeming to sleep when Mommy and Daddy need their special time together and being awake and as cheerful as ever the rest of the time.

I tell Violet, and the babies every chance I get, how much I love them, how every day I get a fresh chance to love them some more, show them how special they all are to me.

As I feel my woman shudder underneath me, moaning my name with a smile on her lips, our shared climax subsiding between us as we collapse into a tangled mess of two bodies, I tell her again.

The one thing. No, the two things I know she never grows tired of hearing, because it's the only truth that gets stronger by the hour, by the day, through each moment I spend with her on this earth.

“I love you Violet... Mine,” I whisper and she smiles up at me with that look in her eyes. The look I know that’s just for me from my woman.

My special angel.

My everything.

Mine. Forever.

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